



# WINNIPEG PRESS CLUB YEARBOOK 1968

# A hurra for Beer & Skits

from Hudson Bay Molesworth  
'Terror of the Frozen North'



Hope program contanes full  
lowdown on skools, swots,  
snekes, cads, prigs bulies  
headmasters cricket foopball, dirty  
roters funks, parents, wizard  
wheezes, weeds, aple pie beds  
and various other chizzes—  
in fact

THE LOT

*(including politiks & gurls)*

**Hudson's Bay Company**

INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1670

## Here Comes The . . .

Welcome to another absorbing Beer and Skits.

It is more absorbing than ever this year because the committee has absorbed not only increasing costs but also the sales tax, which is bigger than the foam on your suds. The Canada Council didn't think we were fooling so we didn't get a grant from them either.

To keep the ticket price the same we had to make some sacrifices — no beer for the writers . . . just booze.

Speaking of the writers, they went to Libau to investigate the post office situation. We didn't hear from them for weeks because they couldn't mail their material and we couldn't accept any collect phone calls.

The problem was solved when General George Waight travelled out there and repeated their skit in his normal speaking voice from the steps of the town hall in the heart of beautiful downtown Libau. It's amazing how good the acoustics are under the northern lights.

To add to the illustrious cast this year some oldtimers will be back with us — Bill Macpherson and Charles Lynch from Ottawa with the inside story of Trudeau's kissing disease; and Al Rogers, Don Newman and Jim Shuttleworth from Toronto with the outside story of Medicare.

Back on the home front that new airplane (or is it a drink)? the Spirit of 70 will be unveiled and it may mean Trouble right here in Manitoba.

Kitten, Kitten, who's got Harold Loster, will take you into the bump and grind world of the go-go girl and how she is courted.

LBJ will go anywhere at anytime but he wouldn't come to Skits so we are going to visit him down on the ranch and meet all his klan.

There will also be a few surprises — like if the backstage crew is sober.

In all Mr. McGarity it promises to be another Beer and Skits.

## Press Club Anthem

(There'll Always Be An England)

There'll always be a Press Club

As long as writers drink;

They've got to have their alcohol

To mix with printers' ink.

There'll always be a Press Club

And laws we will obey,

As long as no one cuts us off

Before the break of day.

Rum, rye or beer . . .

What is your brand of cheer?

What'll it be? pay us your fee, you can get fried!

Blow off the foam!

So you're cut off at home?

This is the life- To hell with the wife!

Here's where to hide!

There'll always be a Press Club

Where booze is flowing free

If liquor means as much to you

As liquor means to me!

## Press Club Executive

President: Bill Grogan, Vice-President: Jan Kamienski, Treasurer: Al Barnes, Secretary: Nick Hills. Directors: Peter Liba, Barry Came, Ted Hart, Ted Weatherhead, Jim Martin, Dick Goodwin, Gordon Sinclair, Wilf Queen-Hughes, Mike Scholl, Dennis Stevens, Fred Chafe.

## Beer & Skits Committee

<i>General Chairman</i> .....	Dick Goodwin
<i>Advertising Chairman</i> .....	Pat Burrage
<i>Producer</i> .....	Bill Grogan
<i>Director</i> .....	George Waight
<i>House Committee, Costumes</i> .....	Harry Mardon
<i>Reception Chairman</i> .....	Albert Boothe
<i>Year Book Editors</i> .....	Al Barnes
	Peter Liba
<i>Stage Manager</i> .....	Ernie Mutimer
<i>Backdrops</i> .....	Jan Kamienski
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Nick Hills
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Les Rutherford
<i>Ticket Chairman</i> .....	Frank Spencer
<i>Master of Ceremonies</i> .....	Bill Trebilcoe
<i>Prompter</i> .....	Dave Cross
<i>Maestro</i> .....	Jimmy King

## President's Message

Once every hundred years or so we have a Centennial, and with about the same frequency a radio man ends up president of the Winnipeg Press Club. The last occurrence of this nature involved Bill Trebilcoe in the starring role.

I am not attempting to imply that Bill's term in office was the real reason for his pump problems, which now have been happily resolved. Nor am I attempting to take any kind of a swipe at the club's structure of ascension to the throne. I do want to point out, however, that you are witnessing some sort of an infrequent if not unique document this time around in the space reserved in this publication for the Prez.

And as the distribution of our annual is co-incident with our Beer and Skits presentation, you are also having an opportunity to witness a truly unique presentation in the Canadian cultural scene. There is really nothing like it anywhere. B & S over the years has developed from a simple stag nite with a collection of parodies to a much more involved production. It has survived this gradual change because of its audience. The B & S attenders have always been a large part of the show itself. Without a warm reception and audience involvement the Show would have long since died a natural death.

The fact that the B & S exercise in survival has taken place in Winnipeg make me very proud to live and work here and be a part of it. The fact that B & S operates as a function of the Winnipeg Press Club also makes me feel good all over to being President of that organization. On behalf of the Club then I extend you the warmest, sincerest welcome in the sure and certain knowledge that you will all leave tonite "feeling good all over" . . . entertained and refreshed by the only harbinger of Spring that has any chance at all of replacing the robin . . . Beer & Skits.

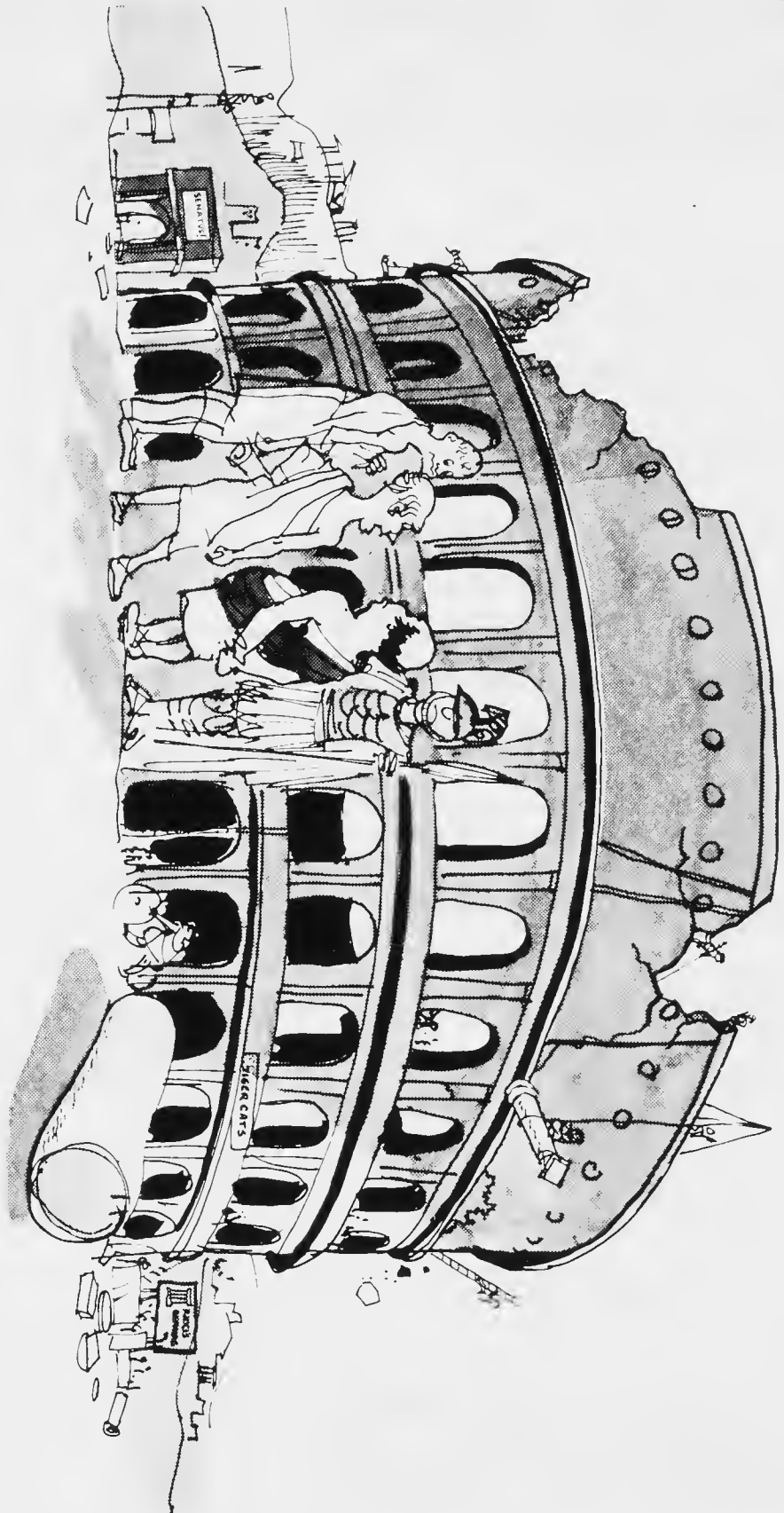
BILL GROGAN



"OUR CUSTOMERS ARE HIGH CLASS" (well most of the time.)

Labatt Grey Owl — 1965.

**LABATT MANITOBA BREWERY (1966) LTD.**



Decline and fall, my foot! Some architect forgot to specify Alcan aluminum.

Grandeur et décadence, mon œil! Quelque hurluberlu d'architecte a oublié de spécifier l'emploi de l'aluminium Alcan.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD  
ALUMINIUM DU CANADA, LTÉE





# What Has Happened To Bachelors' Balls? They Used To Have Big Delightful Ones

By FRANK MORRISS

I often wonder, "do printers make those typographical errors on purpose?"

Whenever two or three newsmen are gathered together in the name of conviviality, somebody always remembers the hallowed Roy Kopp, that unfortunate man who was regarded as an intimate position of the anatomy.

But there are other slips that have passed in the night, and I remember them with affection. Only recently, the Tribune announced the death of a very ancient rural subscriber by reporting that he was "retired from farming."

So the tradition continues, and I'm sorry I haven't kept a scrap book of newspaper faux pas. I can remember . . . and its so far back I don't intend to tell you how many years . . . when the man in the Free Press composing room forgot to remove the slug from a birth announcement. The preface to an ad announcing the birth of a bouncing baby boy was prefixed by the words: "Two insertions."

I doubt if the unfortunate father has ever lived that one down.

But, some of the choicest and most provocative slips appeared in the Regina Leader-Post where I spent five depression-drought years as Free Press staff man. They came so thick and fast that the axe came down on several unfortunate printers while the guffaws of Reginans echoed and re-echoed around town.

One of the aptest, from my viewpoint, was the head on a political speech, front-paged, which intended to say that the tentacles of the Liberal party were enveloping Saskatchewan. The unfortunate proof reader had neglected to notice that an "S" had been used instead of an "N."

The long defunct Regina Star once improved a paragraph by omitting a "G" from a key word. The paragraph in question was supposed to read: "After enjoying a hearty dinner, the captain spent seven hours on the bridge."

Figure that one out, boys. I'm not going to use dirty words if I can get around them. I'll leave that to the new crop of movies.

Using the wrong first letter resulted in a memorable social page quote. A rather gushy young woman, who did a society column, coyly informed her readers a certain "Mr. X," of Montreal, "is a guest at the Hotel Saskatchewan. He is accompanied by his favorite piece."

Apart from ribaldry, the social book was regarded as a hot bed of girlish innocence. I'm sorry, for instance, I haven't a story which was headed "Bachelor Balls." Gladys Arnold, a member of the staff, wrote nostalgically of the parties young Regina bucks used to hold in the 1880s. She would have liked a return to these festive occasions, so she informed her readers: "What has happened to bachelors' balls? They used to have such

big, delightful ones in those days. We never see them any more."

Miss Arnold promptly got at least a dozen eager rebuttals from several dozen boastful males.

I've had my share of typographical errors, and the best of them concerns the stage and screen actor, Forrest Tucker. I was shocked one day, in reading an item about Mr. Tucker, to find they had transposed the letters of his first and last name.

I interviewed Mr. Tucker (and watch that name, printer!) several years later and gleefully reported the faux pas to him. He wasn't surprised. The mistake, he said, had been repeated all over the continent, and he roundly blamed the printers.

But to round out this little session of ribaldry, I'll tell the one that remains in my mind the choicest item of all.

Archbishop Harding had been promoted from his post in the Que-Appelle diocese to Bishop of Rupertsland. He was in his 70s, I believe, well beloved, and his departure from Regina was the subject of many festive parties, culminating in a civic reception.

The Leader-Post women's department sent a reporter to cover the event in detail and the welkin rang in praise of the Bishop-to-be.

The guest list was too numerous to mention in the space at hand, and so the reporter said that "many prominent Regina citizens called to congratulate His Grace on his recent election."

Yes, you've guessed it, the printer used an "R" instead of an "L" in election.

The topper of this one is heartwarming to report. A few days later Bishop Harding met the late Gee Johnson, a reporter, on the street, and made a chuckling reference to the offending sentence.

"At my age," he beamed, "I'm very flattered."

And now you can wipe away those blushes and go back to watching the show.

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Five thousand times a month, Detroiters pull up to parking meters and, instead of depositing a nickel, insert a pull ring from a beer can. — Wilmington, Delaware, Evening Journal.

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A P London reports that for newsmen covering 10 Downing Street after devaluation of the pound the main hazard was being mistaken for members of the Labor government. A reporter hurrying from steps of Prime Minister Wilson's residence to find a telephone was confronted by an outraged Londoner who barred his way and snarled: "Resign!" The reporter replied with dignity: "That will be for Parliament to decide."

---

At one point more than 1,000 students marched through the streets chanting and laying guitars—Win-nipeg Free Press.

*Compliments to*

**BEER & SKITS**

**Manitoba Hotel Association**

**BROADWAY FLORIST**

*"The House of Flowers"*

E. CHOLAKIS — JOHN CHOLAKIS  
HARRY CHOLAKIS — PAUL CHOLAKIS  
CHRIS CHOLAKIS

Shop also at Polo Park Shopping Centre

**277 Portage Avenue**

**Phone 943-0731**

COMPLIMENTS

O F

**BORGER BROS.**

*(1963) Limited*

CONTRACTORS



Still The Best goddam sewer-diggers in  
Western Canada



**1063 Dawson Road**

**Winnipeg 6**

Canadian National,  
a world leader  
in the  
transportation  
industry,  
salutes the  
Winnipeg Press  
Club's  
Beer & Skits show -  
world renowned  
for its unique  
interpretation of  
major news events.  
May Beer & Skits,  
like CN trains,  
go on and on  
forever!



# AN AD FOR CHARLEY

Charley is a printer, a salesman of printing, and a darn good one. He's skillful. He's fast. He's extraordinary neat — on jobs inside and out. And he's unusually reasonable in price.

He's young, colorful and fairly good looking. He's a man with ideas, co-operative and courteous. It's a pleasure to work with him or to employ. His work is guaranteed. But our experience is that and guarantee is superfluous. A sample of his work is this Press Club Annual; he printed it.

This ad is run and paid for by Charley's very satisfied customers. For just three good reasons. We like the guy. We have been enormously pleased with his work. And we'd like to do both him and our friends a good turn by running this little notice in this Beer & Skits program.

His name is Charley Dojack. His plant is the National Publishers Limited at 462 Hargrave St. His phone number is 943-6565. He'd be happy to supply both estimates and references from satisfied customers at any time.

**Friends of CHARLEY DOJACK.**

## Serving Greater Winnipeg For Over Thirty Years



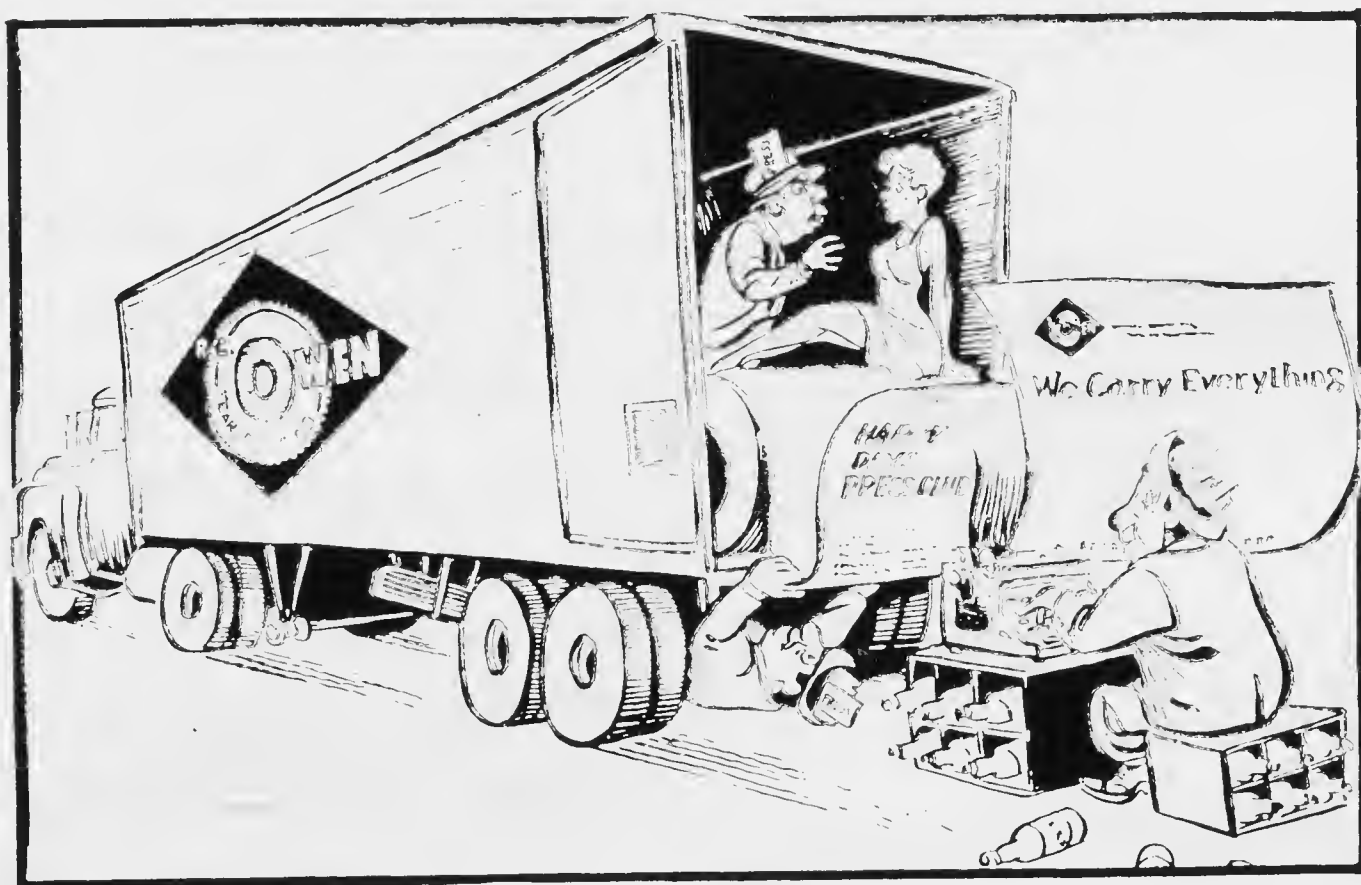
Limousines for Weddings -

Charter Buses - U-Drives

Courteous Taxi Service

**WH2-3366 — PHONE — WH 2-3366**

Donald at Graham



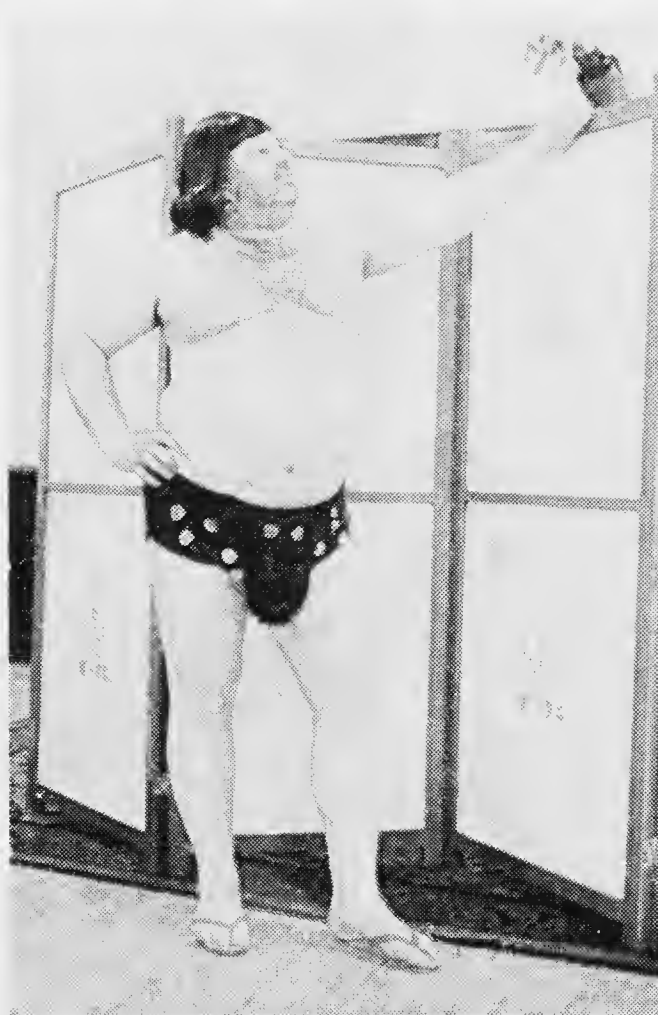




HOW CAN THEY EAT . . .



WHILE KEN (LAMARSH) BABB  
DANCES . . .



AND HAROLD (VIENER SNATCHEL)  
LOSTER PERFORMS

# Get high on the Spirit of '70!



PROVINCE OF MANITOBA

# 'You Newspaper People Are All Alike'

By DAN LAROCQUE

Upon arriving home one wintry night not long ago, a pair of journalistic friends equally in tow and inebriated, I found myself faced with a wild-eyed wife. This in itself was neither uncommon nor particularly significant, except for a comment she made:

"You newspaper people are all alike!"

The mind boggles at the ramifications of such a remark. Thus, suitable boggled, I have spent the intervening months preparing, through a program of questioning and observation, a verbal model of the average Winnipeg newspaperman. Herewith, the finished product.

On the average, the Winnipeg reporter is either coming or going. Usually, he is never too sure which. He is constantly broke, completely irresponsible and insensitive to money. If he works for the Tribune, he drinks liquor 8 days out of the twice-monthly pay period, with beer filling in his remaining drinking time. If he works at the Free Press, he drinks beer for as long as he can.

His home relations are usually less than consistent. For most of the year he's thinking of leaving his wife; for short periods he has left her; for even shorter periods, he's back making up.

If he is still single, even part-time, he is usually to be found in the depths of the Marlborough Hotel. His sole topic of conversation revolves around what happened at work today, what is going to happen tomorrow, and how much the Trib has offered to its latest acquisition from The Free Press.

He has a sixth sense for free booze, while disdaining offers of dry free lunches and dinners. His female affinities are for stewardess, professional girls (not THAT kind) and occasionally, exotic dancers.

For the most part, he is a lousy card player who plays cards too often. Politically, he is both naive and unconcerned. Professionally, he dreams of the big story that never breaks in Winnipeg, and remembers all the great beats he scored at the Picker Point News.

He yearns for the cut, thrust and money of the Toronto newspaper world, while avowing his wish that the two Winnipeg papers were good enough to meet his standards.

He speaks with barely-muted disdain of his colleagues in the world of radio and television, while madly filing applications to the CBC. With others of his ilk, he slashes his own paper to ribbons, but staunchly and often physically defends its honor while with his electronic friends.

He bitches about the desk, unless he's on the desk, when he bitches about the reporters. If he's made it to a level of authority, he bitches about everybody and chews aspirins.

He spends hours over the press club bar recalling the wild days of the past and bemoaning the white-collar-and-tie job newspapers is fast becoming.

He has a hard shell, but a heart of butter. His ambition is to be a columnist or a famous political reporter, but is content to write about the United Way, so long as there's a by-line.

He brags that he is past the stage for recognition, but he screams to high heaven when a signer is dropped off one of his stories.

He is never content, rarely affluent, only occasionally cold sober, and frequently hung over.

He is a master of the excuse, of ducking assignments and still getting them done. He is an artist with an expense account, a grouser over pay cheques, and a procrastinator of the first degree.

Other than that, he's a pretty normal fellow. And if you don't see yourself in there somewhere, it's time to go into PR.

## Something Fisher About This Baby

The Tucumcari, New Mexico, Daily News headed the birth of the Eddie Fisher—Connie Stevens baby: Body By Fisher.

The cause of death was an overdose of sodium entothal (truth rum). — Royal Oak Michigan Daily Tribune.

Avis Girls Try Till It Hertz. — Washington Daily News.

## A Singular Order: Watch Your Plurals

By DUDLEY MAGNUS

A Beer and Skits committee man asked me to record the story for the B and S program about Lord Northcliffe's special instruction to staff including correspondents, and the way Peter Fleming — somewhere overseas — handled the edict. Mr. Fleming, of course, later became a noted English author.

A smashing handsome man, bronzed, typically English upper class, in the late 1930s when I saw him for a brief period (all I did was shake hands and say hello), Fleming was some few years earlier a Daily Mail correspondent in the Far East.

The story goes — and it is not just an invention of journalists who disliked Northcliffe, I've seen it in print or heard it in some authentic fashion (it's so long ago, dammit) — that Lord Northcliffe, Daily Mail owner, suddenly sent out one of his occasional eccentric orders to all newsmen in his employ, which amused Mr. Fleming.

The press baron was known for his eccentricity, and many of his odd orders were issued, though, I believe, not always carried out. Peter Fleming, who was on the Times when I met him, had a record for being completely fearless, even of the mighty Northcliffe.

The message pinned on the bulletin board and sent to all staff correspondents, as far as I recall was: "In future the word 'news' shall be treated as plural."

Mr. Fleming is reported to have wired back from Tokyo or Shanghai or some such exotic city, "Message received, not a single new."

Blue color workers would probably be hardest hit—Washington (D.C.) Post.

He once said he would sign a tax increase bill containing withholding, only if he were bound hand and foot and a lighted watch was applied to his feet—Los Angeles Times.

LOCAL NATIONAL GUARD ALERT? RUMORS DENIED—Provo, Utah Herald.

"... to encourage employees to wear a special dress consisting of colorful shirt, cummerbund and sombrero for the men, with a shawl and Mexican hat for the women"—Winnipeg Tribune.

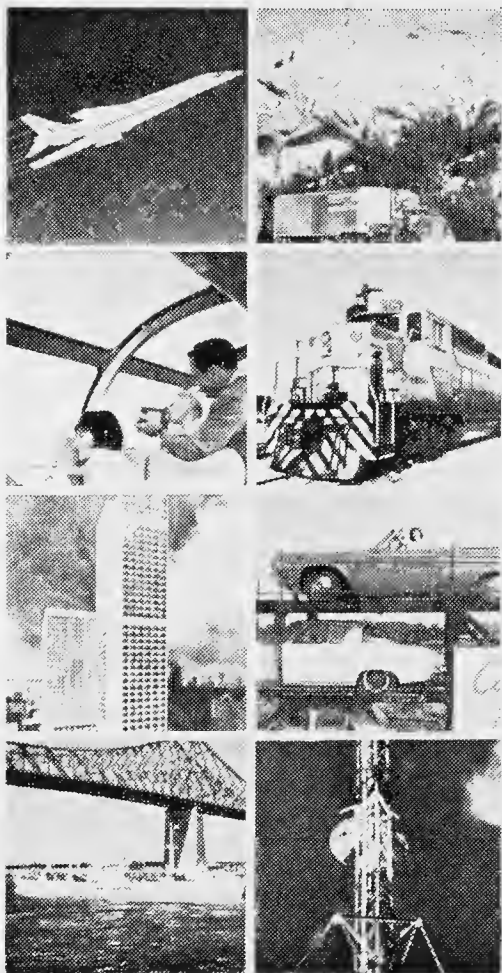
## PLAY IT SAFE

A PILL A DAY KEEPS THE DOCTOR AWAY

# BRATHWAITES LTD.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

SERVING WESTERN CANADA SINCE 1902



## Canadian Pacific

WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE  
TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

**RAIL FREIGHT** Canadian Pacific serves Canada and the U.S. with fast schedules and experienced personnel—utilizing the latest advancements in specialized equipment, communication systems, and automated freight handling techniques.

**RAIL PASSENGER** Canadian Pacific serves Canada coast to coast by rail. The Canadian, the only stainless steel Scenic Dome streamliner across Canada, operates daily between Montreal/Toronto and Vancouver. Also convenient inter-city and local services.

**STEAMSHIPS** Canadian Pacific White Empress liners link Canada and Europe—and cruise to Caribbean waters in winter. Cargo ships and chartered vessels ply between Britain-Europe-Canada.

**AIRLINES** Super DC-8 Jet Empresses serve five continents—link Canada with Japan—Hong Kong—Hawaii—Australia—New Zealand—Mexico—South America—Europe. Daily transcontinental flights across Canada.

**HOTELS** Canadian Pacific hotels and modern motor hotels stretch from sea to sea in Canada... offering metropolitan or resort locations—in major cities, in the Canadian Rockies, or on the sea-coasts. Each offers ideal convention and business facilities.

**TELECOMMUNICATIONS** Canadian Pacific's high-speed network of tele-type, telex, telegraph, data processing, broadcast facilities and weather map transmission covers Canada, with connections throughout the world.



I USED TO BE  
A **HOTSHOT COPYWRITER**  
IN A BIG EASTERN  
AD AGENCY.



ONE DAY MY BOSS SAID  
THEY NEEDED AN AD FOR  
**GREAT-WEST LIFE**. SEEMS  
THE **WINNIPEG PRESS BOYS**...



...HAVE THIS **BIG BASH** EVERY  
YEAR... Y'KNOW... REPORTERS  
DRESS LIKE WOMEN... DRINK  
A LOT... LEER A LOT... PUT ON  
FUNNY **SKITS**...



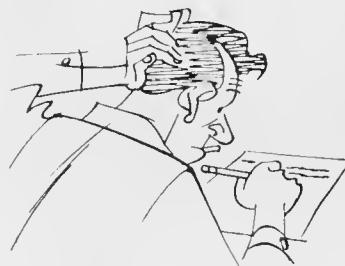
WELL, I HAD TO WRITE SOMETHING  
FOR THEIR YEAR BOOK. PRESS BOYS  
ARE PRETTY BASE, SO I WENT THE  
**BOSOMS-AND-BROADS** ROUTE.  
(**GREAT-WEST** TURNED IT DOWN.)



THEN I TRIED BEING FUNNY...  
"LEARN THE **FACTS OF LIFE**..."  
LIFE INSURANCE, THAT IS.  
(THEY DIDN'T LAUGH.)



SO, I PLAYED IT **STRAIGHT**.  
WROTE ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE  
AS A SAFE, WISE INVESTMENT.  
(THEY TOLD ME I WASN'T  
CREATIVE ENOUGH!)



O.K. I GOT SMART...WORKED  
THE LIFE INSURANCE ANGLE  
**WITH** BOOZE AND SEX.  
(**SHOT DOWN IN FLAMES**.)



WELL, BY NOW I WAS JUST ABOUT  
FED UP. SO I TOLD THE BOSS  
THERE WAS **NO WAY** TO PLEASE  
THOSE GUYS AT **GREAT-WEST**!



HE FIRED ME.



SO I GOT A JOB SELLING  
INSURANCE. FOR...  
GUESS WHO?







The Director — George Waight



The Dief — Bill Grogan



LAST YEAR'S CAST

WE CHALLENGE ANY OTHER STATION  
TO MATCH  
THIS  
PERFORMANCE...



IN THE ~~CENTRE~~ OF THINGS  
*heart*



 International Inn

**Perth's** has a new way  
to make your .....  
hang better than new

ask us about

*Adjust-a-rape*



Enjoy a golden brew

made from the finest

**Federal  
malting barley.**

**There's no quota  
on enjoyment  
at Beer and Skits!**



**Federal Grain Limited**



# The Alley Tavern Swingers



*Black Label*  
Singed its name - and  
famous for its  
thing, it all the way.  
Famous for its name - and its 100 years (since the night)

## A CARLING DRINKING SONG

(sung to the tune of "Off to Dublin in the Green")

Chorus

C G Dm G

There's a big black label on the beer, on the beer. Where the Press Club meet to have a

C G Dm Em7 Dm

few. And a think - ing man drinks all he can of the

G7 11.C 112.C

gold - en flav - oured brew. brew.

- (1) Oh, some men work for silver,  
and some men work for gold,  
But a Carling man is working for  
the best damn beer that's sold.
- (2) I can leave behind this city,  
Get away from the cold and snow,  
For a Carling beer is always near  
No matter where you go.
- (3) Sure the Irish are merry playboys,  
Who can rattle a spoon or two,  
But give me the Press Club on Wednesday night,  
And Beer and Skits with you.

*Enjoyed in Manitoba  
and in over 60 countries  
throughout the world*

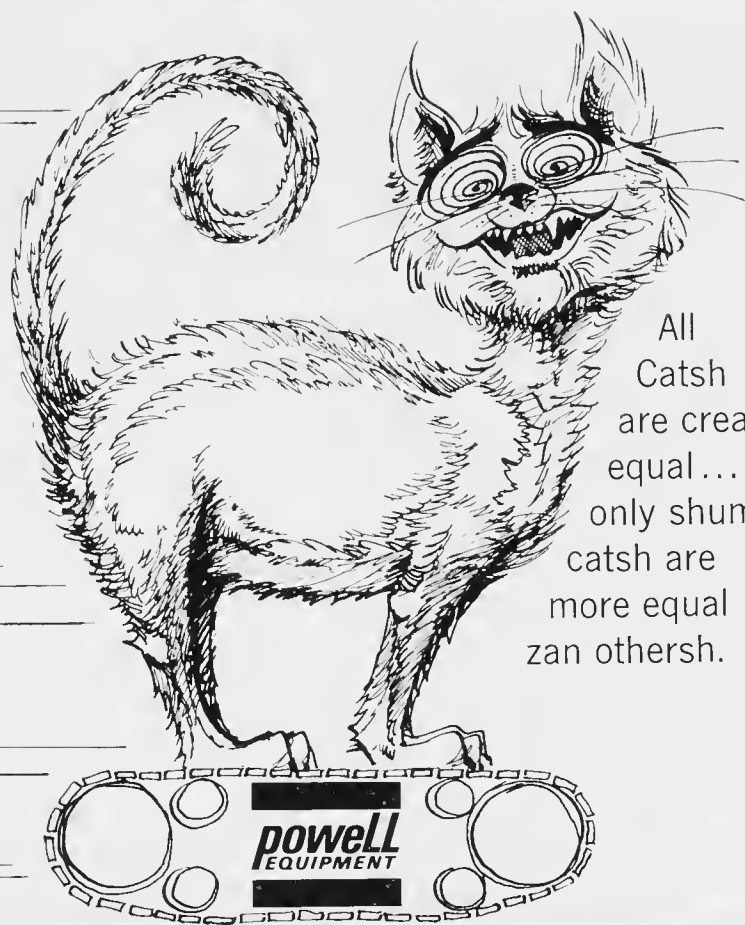


Back Row L to R: Dewar O'Thompson, Metro O'Mandryk, Teena O'Cherkas,  
Bill O'Maslanko, Bob O'Chrystal, John O'Clarke, Front Row L to R: Harry O'Blom,  
John O'Heeney, Henry O'Mycan, George O'Crossthwaite





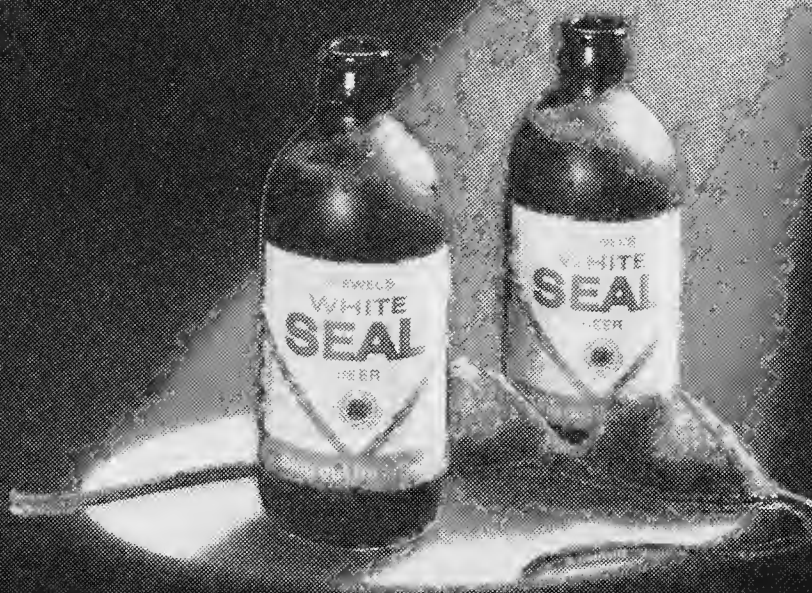
NO BABY, THIS IS NOT THE HOME OF "THE FLYING NUN"!!!!



All  
Catsh  
are created  
equal...  
only shum  
catsh are  
more equal  
zan othersh.

**The best topless  
act in town...**

**Go-Go  
White Seal!**



Air Canada Interliner



"Whatsha mean I'm HIGH I'm at thirty five thousand feet like everyone else, ain't I?"

**AIR CANADA** 



*Compliments of*

**WINNIPEG FOOTBALL CLUB**

**"THE BLUE BOMBERS"**

VERY  
INTERESTING



YOUR  
COSTUME  
SUPPLIER FOR  
TONIGHT IS:

**MALLABAR**  
LTD.

TO THE PRESS AND  
RADIO MEDIUM:  
**CONGRATULATIONS**  
**ON YOUR**  
**36th CONSECUTIVE PRODUCTION**

**And I Thought**

***PUBLIC Relations was fun***



**CROCKETT WRITERS CO.**

Public Relations Consultants

109 BRUCE AVE.

WINNIPEG 12, MANITOBA



Pelissier's  
most eff-  
ective ad-  
vertise-  
ment this  
year app-  
eared in-  
side this  
bottle and  
thousands  
of others  
just like  
it!





**ALL THE BEST**  
**ABITIBI MANITOBA PAPER LTD.**

PINE FALLS, MANITOBA

**Abitibi**



# NORRIS GRAIN CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG

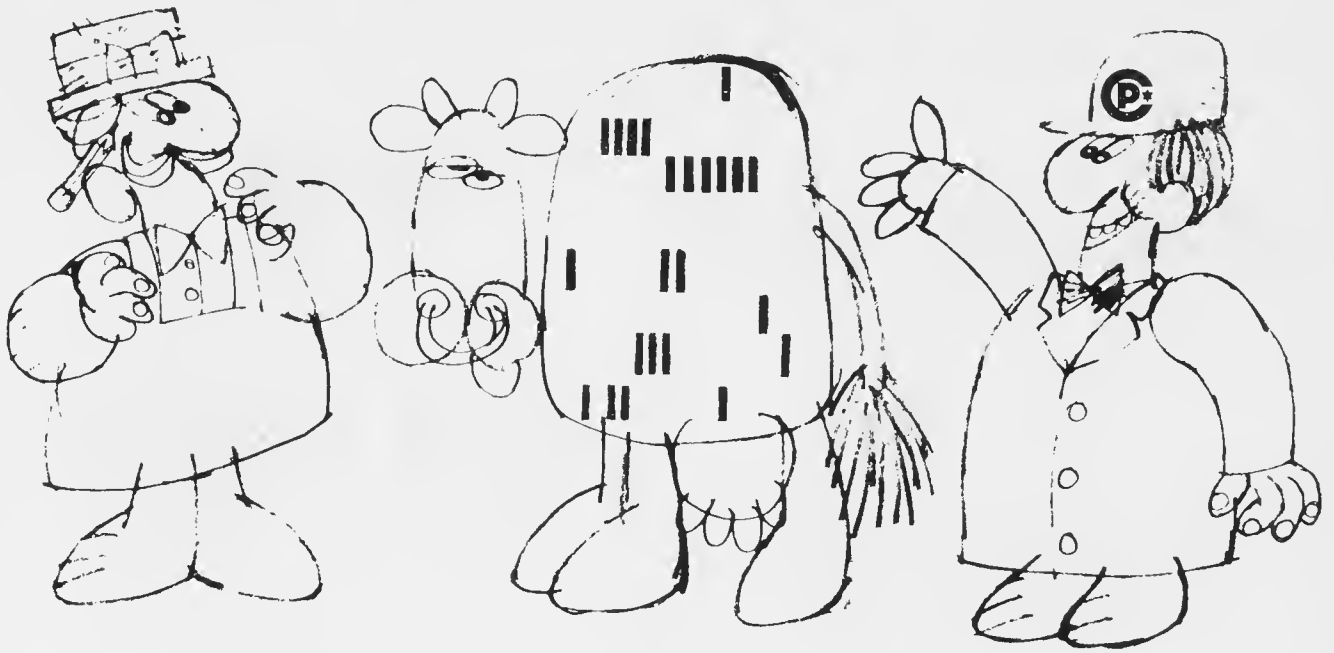


# BAXTER WAS HERE

## HEADQUARTERS FOR FRIENDLY BANKERS

You can build with a Royal Bank passbook, too!

The  
**ROYAL BANK**  
portage at fort



BUT, SHE'S PROGRAMMED FOR YOUR STORE



Manitoba Representative : Doug Groff

# BEER AND SKITS

## WEIR FOR YOU

MANITOBA  
PROGRESSIVE  
CONSERVATIVES

For fast . . . FAST . . . FAST relief, GIBSON'S have some the BEST washrooms in the City.

Also available are 24 bowling lanes equipped with automatic pin setters at the SARATOGA Lanes and 20 Lanes with automatics at the BOWLADROME.

*"First With Automatics in  
Western Canada"*

# GIBSON'S

## *Bowling Lanes*

320 DONALD STREET

"The Bowling Centre of Winnipeg"

Also pool tables available for future delinquents . . .



Genie! Genie! burning bright  
In the middle of the night  
Don't you know you wouldn't be there  
Without a touch of Alec's care?

**MANITOBA HYDRO**





PROGRESSIVE COLOR  
ENGRAVING CO. LTD.

## THE ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET

BOB HOLLOWAY IS NOW THE PRESS AGENT  
FOR THE ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET\*

\*(At least he was at press time.)

COMPLIMENTS OF

**NEAMAN FUR CO., LTD.**

FREE PRESS BUILDING

TO OUR FRIENDS IN THE PRESS CLUB

## INDUSTRIAL • COMMERCIAL • RESIDENTIAL

— SELLING — LEASING — MANAGING —

"Leasing Agents For The Richardson Building"



**McKeag Harris**

*Realty & Development Co., Ltd.*

1311 Portage Avenue

774-2505

**Said Vincent Ellis:**  
**“Maybe its superior  
point of view  
makes  
the weather vane.”**



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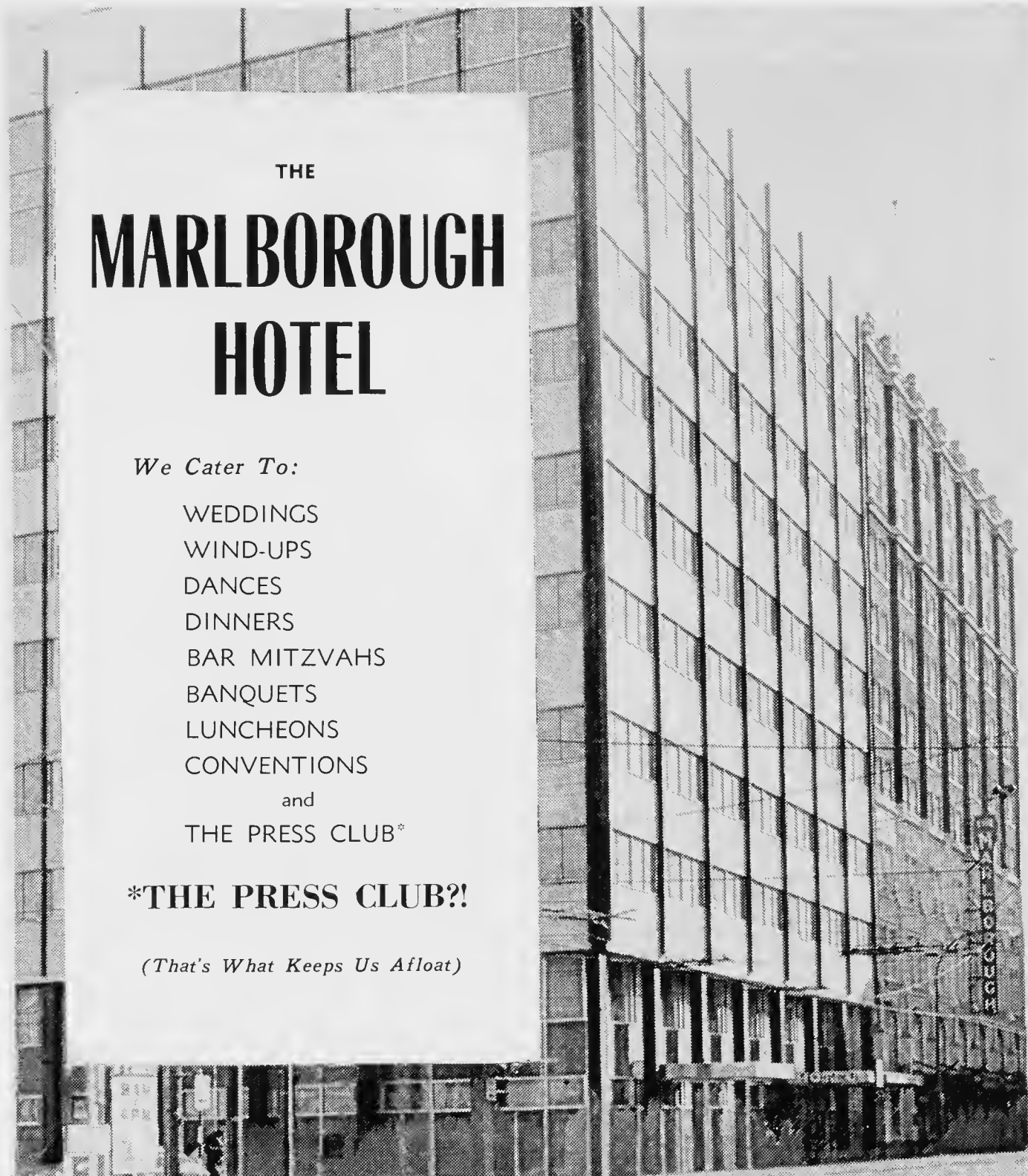
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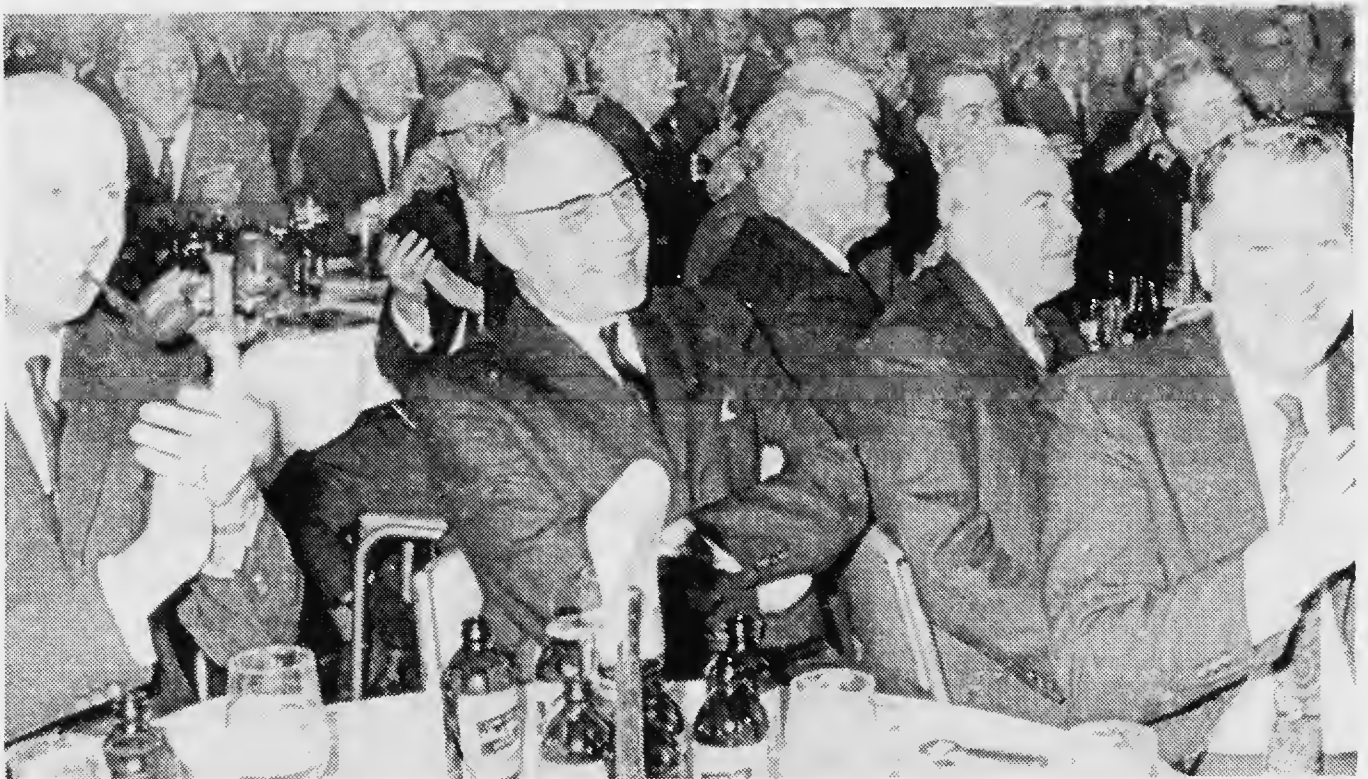




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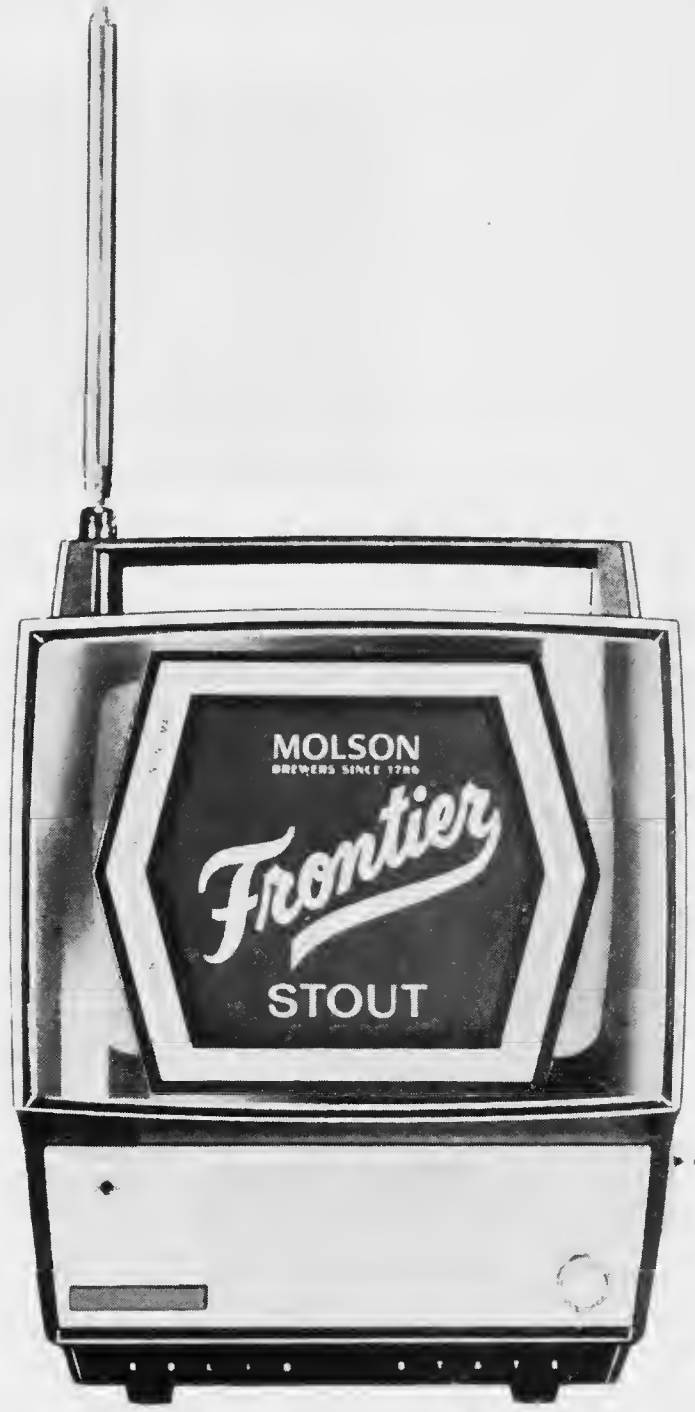
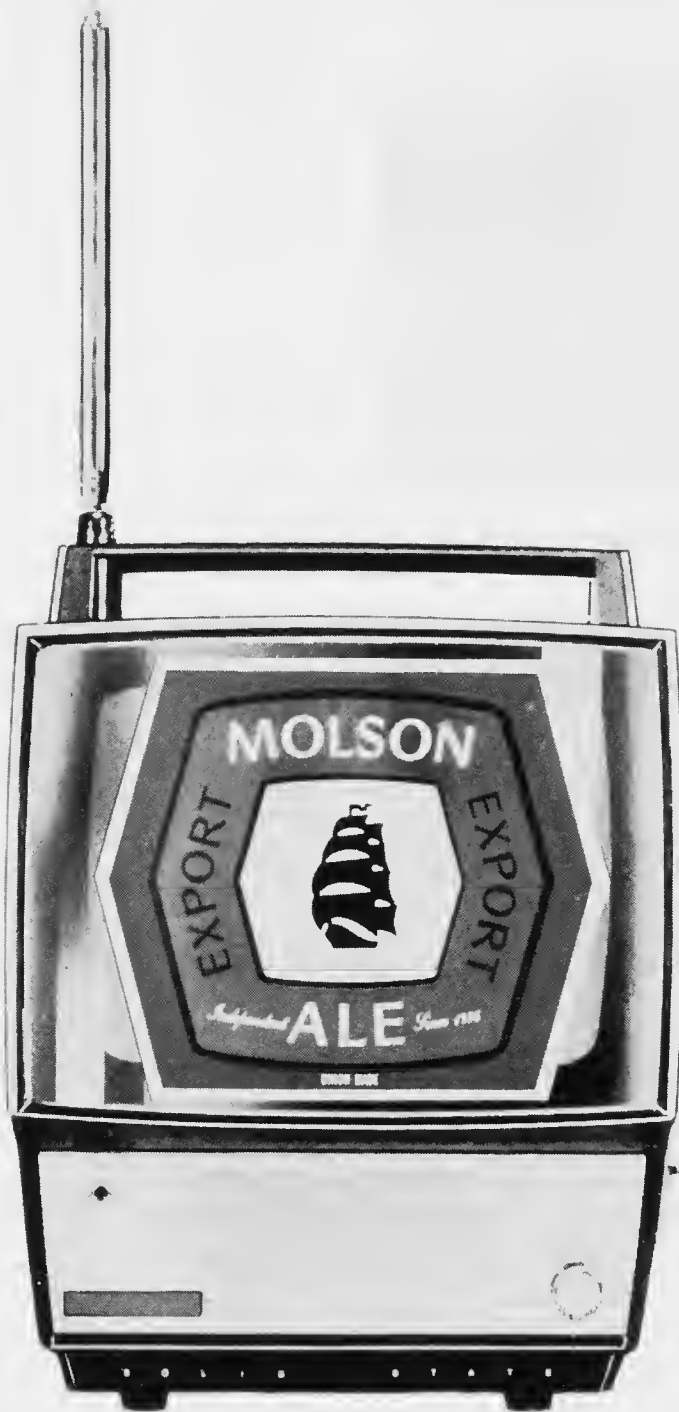
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# A Case Of Civil Wrongs Or ... Robbery Made Legal

By TED SCHWARZ

A ROBBERY was in progress in the local jewelry store when a hidden alarm summoned police to the scene. They surrounded the building and then rushed through the door.

Inside they saw two men, one of them armed, scooping jewelry into a large canvas bag. A salesgirl was bound and gagged in the back of the room.

"All right, drop it!" ordered the police, levelling their guns at the two men.

The man holding the revolver turned slowly and said, "I suppose you mean this Smith and Wesson 38-calibre automatic which I am holding. As you can see, it is plainly visible, not concealed in any manner. As such, it falls

under Ordinance 358 of this city and may legally be carried on the street."

"A wise guy, eh?" said the officer. He signalled to one of his men who knocked the robber to the floor. A second policeman grabbed the other man.

When the stunned robber was able to speak, he looked up at the policeman sitting on his chest and yelled, "You're under arrest!"

"Huh?" said the officer.

"It's a felony to assault a private citizen and I hereby place you under Citizen's Arrest."

"Arrest?" said the sergeant. "I'll tell you who's under arrest. You are, for the robbery! And both of you guys are going downtown."

The robber's associate shook himself free from the grip of the other policeman and straightened his necktie.

"As legal counsel for the accused," he said, "I must protest your actions. I might be willing to forget the illegal search and seizure you have perpetrated against my client, but if you take him to the police station, I promise that you will be charged with false arrest, kidnapping, intimidation, and, of course, police brutality.

"My client is innocent in the eyes of the law until such time as carefully weighed evidence might convince a jury of his peers to convict him."

"But he was scooping up the jewelry when we came in," said the sergeant turning to the robber. "Weren't you?"

"Okay, okay, don't hit me! I'll confess," the robber said. "I slugged the girl and was taking the loot."

The lawyer smiled. "Now you've done it, officer. By brutally extracting a confession from my client you realize that you now have no chance of convicting him."

"Jeez, that's right, Sarge," the other policeman said. "But, but . . . listen . . . I was just following orders on what to do when the alarm rings and . . . I mean . . ."

"Following orders. You and Eichmann, eh?" said the lawyer. "Well, you certainly weren't following the Supreme Court decisions affecting men in my client's position. Their jobs may appear a little unethical to some, but their rights must be protected. That is why we lawyers are working with them and that is why you and your men are in a great deal of trouble."

"Look," said the officer. "My wife just had a new baby and I don't want any trouble. Couldn't you accept our apology and just forget the whole thing?"

"Well, I don't know . . ." said the attorney.

"We'll even help you with the jewelry. It's insured so there will be no loss for anyone."

"It is a little unusual," said the attorney, "but my client and I don't want to cause you any trouble. It's a deal."

The policeman helped the robber carry the jewelry to his car, all concerned having learned something from their unusual encounter.

(Harrison Newspaper Features)

## *Here's A Toast To Bobby Moore*

By HARRY HALLIWELL  
The Telegram, Toronto

When I first went to The Winnipeg Tribune in the 1950s, the old Trib was somewhat unwillingly the headquarters for the late R. Maxwell Bobby Moore.

Bobby flitted in and out during the late hours of the night and the early hours of the morning, carrying boxes of files, using desks and typewriters with the self-assurance of a proprietor and compiling grandiose plans for British immigrants, aid to the less fortunate and handsome housing and pay packets for the retired.

He could be overheard outlining his proposals to whoever would listen, in a most impressive and impeccable English public school accent, which lost its glitter only when he departed from his point to a sharp tangent or broke into his even more impressive array of profanity.

As a stranger in the house, I seemed to be regarded by him with some trepidation until one night he came over to my desk and in cultured tones inquired:

"Young man, how long have you been he-ah?"

"About a month, sir," I replied.

"Oh well, then" he said with obvious disgust, "there is no use talking to you. You wouldn't have heard of John W. Dafoe!"

He stalked off in high dudgeon before I could explain that Mr. Dafoe's fame had spread beyond the boundries of Winnipeg.

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# The Pianist Took An Axe; Gave The Piano 40 Whacks

A concert pianist's life can be fraught with challenge. But the disasters which befell U.S. pianist Myron Kropp in Bangkok recently were beyond the call of duty. Following is a memorable review reprinted in its entirety from the English-language Bangkok Post of May 27, 1967.

The recital last evening in the chamber music room of the Erawan Hotel by U.S. Pianist Myron Kropp, the first appearance of Mr. Kropp in Bangkok, can only be described by this reviewer and those who witnessed Mr. Kropp's performance as one of the most interesting experiences in a very long time.

There was a bit of disorder at the outset when the ushers, apparently brought in from the dining room, had some trouble placing concertgoers in their proper seats, a situation that was little helped by several late arrivals.

The audience eventually was seated, and a hush fell over the room as Mr. Kropp appeared from the right of the stage, attired in black formal eveningwear with a small white poppy in his lapel. With sparse, sandy hair, a sallow complexion and a deceptively frail looking frame, the man who has repopularized Johann Sebastian Bach approached the Baldwin concert grand, bowed to the audience and placed himself upon the stool.

It might be appropriate to insert at this junction that many pianists, including Mr. Kropp, prefer a bench, maintaining that on a screw-type stool they sometimes find themselves turning sideways during a particular expressive strain. There was a slight delay, in fact, as Mr. Kropp left the stage briefly, apparently in search of a bench, but returned when informed that there was none.

As I have mentioned on several other occasions, the Baldwin concert grand, while basically a fine instrument, needs constant attention, particularly in a climate such as Bangkok. This is even more true when the instrument is as old as the one provided in the chamber music room of the Erawan Hotel.

In this humidity the felts which separate the white keys from the black tend to swell, causing an occasional key to stick, which apparently was the case last evening with the D in the second octave.

During the 'raging storm' section of the D-minor toccata and fugue, Mr. Kropp must be complimented for putting up with the awkward D. However, by the time the 'storm' was past and he had gotten into the prelude and fugue in D-major, in which the second octave D plays a major role, Mr. Kropp's patience was wearing thin.

Some who attended the performance later questioned whether the awkward key justified some of the language which was heard coming from the stage during softer passages of the fugue.

However, one member of the audience, who had sent his children out of the room by the midway point of the fugue, had a valid point when he commented over the music and extemporaneous remarks of Mr. Kropp that

the workman who greased the stool might have done better to use some of the grease on the second octave D key. Indeed, Mr. Kropp's stool had more than enough grease, and during one passage in which the music and lyrics both were particularly violent Mr. Kropp was turned completely around.

Whereas before his remarks had been aimed largely at the piano and were therefore somewhat muted, to his surprise and that of those in the chamber music room he found himself addressing directly to the audience.

But such things do happen, and the person who began to laugh deserves to be severely reprimanded for this undignified behavior. Unfortunately, laughter is contagious, and by the time it had subsided and the audience had regained its composure Mr. Kropp appeared to be somewhat shaken.

Nevertheless, he swiveled himself back into position facing the piano and, leaving the D-major fugue unfinished, commenced on the fantasia and fugue in G-minor.

Why the concert grand piano's G key in the third octave chose that particular time to begin sticking I hesitate to guess.

However, it is certainly safe to say that Mr. Kropp himself did nothing to help matters when he began using his feet to kick the power portion of the piano instead of operating the pedals as is generally done.

Possibly it was this jarring, or the un-Bach-like hammering to which the sticking keyboard was being subjected. Something caused the right front leg of the piano to buckle slightly inward, leaving the entire instrument listing at approximately a 35-degree angle from that which is normal.

A gasp went up from the audience, for if the piano had actually fallen, several of Mr. Kropp's toes, if not both his feet, would surely have been broken.

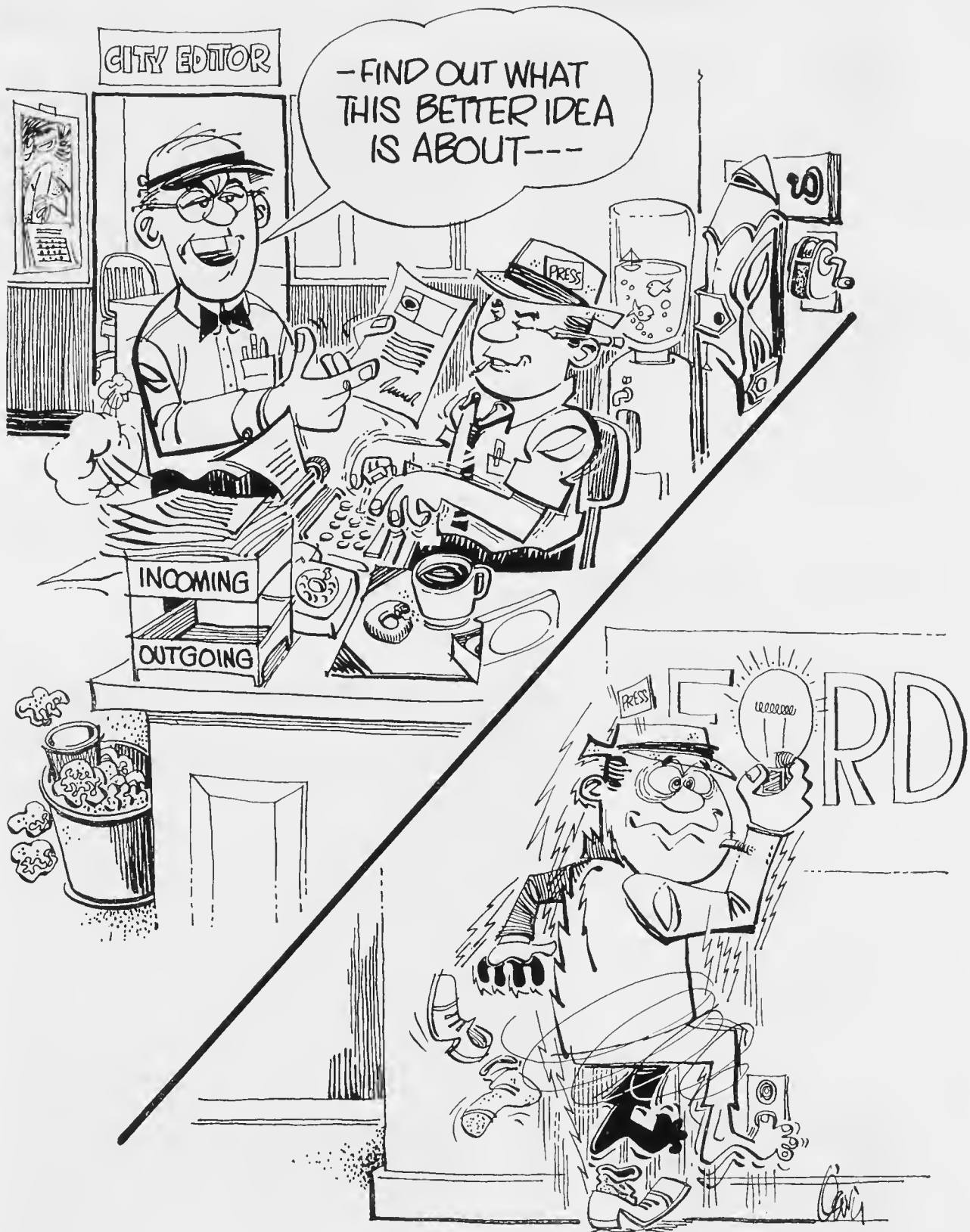
It was with a sigh of relief, therefore, that the audience saw Mr. Kropp slowly rise from his stool and leave the stage. A few men in the back of the room began clapping, and when Mr. Kropp reappeared a moment later it seemed he was responding to the ovation.

Apparently, however, he had left to get the red-handled fire axe which was hung back stage in case of fire, for that was what he had in his hand.

My first reaction at seeing Mr. Kropp begin to chop at the left leg of the grand piano was that he was attempting to make it tilt at the same angle as the right leg, thereby correct the list.

However, when the weakened legs finally collapsed altogether with a great crash and Mr. Kropp continued to chop, it became obvious to all that he had no intention of going on with the concert.

The ushers, who had heard the snapping of piano wires and splintering of sounding board from the dining room, came rushing in and, with the help of the hotel manager, two Indian watchmen and a passing police corporal, finally succeeded in disarming Mr. Kropp and dragging him off the stage.



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**CORFU YOURSELF****It's All Dutch To The Greeks**

By KIP PARK

It all started out quite simply, just about a year ago.

That's when my Grecian isle reverie was interrupted by this military coup, see, and little men, with funny brown uniforms and battered Second World War rifles, started loping around the countryside looking like something out of "I Spy."

At that time, being about as solvent as an empty vinegar bottle, all I could do in the midst of this parody of a Beer and Skits military epic, was grin and bear it, so off I went to the beach 'til the newspapers came in.

They finally did, the Greek ones that is, and now I know the true meaning of "It's all Greek to me."

English and European editions of American papers just weren't around the island of Corfu — where all ardent ex-patriates go — so the Greek papers had to do.

Now, it wasn't so much the Greek language papers. The long and involved translation processes just weren't worth finding out it was 83 above in Athens the previous day.

The really interesting part was reading the English-language papers put out by the Greeks. There are two of them, the Athens News and the Athens Daily Post.

The News was my favorite, not because it actually contained any news — the military regime imposed censor-

ship regulations stricter than those during the Nazi occupation — but it did have this regular column, "Greek News In Brief." If that's not enough to turn you on, read lower.

But before we get into that, lets go back to censorship for a moment. Later in the summer, the News carried a story headed: "Great Increase in Tourism."

"Hah!" said a pro-military Greek friend. "You see? The Army works in this country!"

Chastized somewhat, I read the story, (It had been issued by the Army) then quietly pointed out that the vast increase the head was talking about was only Swedish tourists, who never really formed the basis of the Greek tourist industry at the best of times.

And I thought it was only Canadian papers that distorted political stories.

But back to the briefs news. This was a delightful column of events which happened in Greece. Where these pearls were discovered, I cannot say, but their oyster-clad syntax was a delight.

So I made a collection of them, to offer now to the annals of Beer and Skits history with no further comment:

"A 13-year-old boy fell unconscious from the pain when, while putting on his swimming suit, he sharply pulled up the zip fastener and caught part of his flesh in it, at the beach of Aghios Kosmas, Athens, Thursday evening. The youth was found by a passersby who took him to a nearby hospital for an emergency operation to open the zip fastener."

"Brothers Antonios and Constantine Doukiandakis found an ingenious method to avenge themselves for previous differences they had with George Psimerakis. At the Lyngos spot, on Mount Psiloreitis in Crete, they castrated two of his stallion goats."

"A 23-year-old prostitute, Nicoletta Tounta, was taken to an Athens hospital with deep slashes of razor blade to her face, Wednesday night. She said that another woman, Stavroula Piratikou, 35, had slashed her face, 'because she no longer wanted to have abnormal relations with me'."

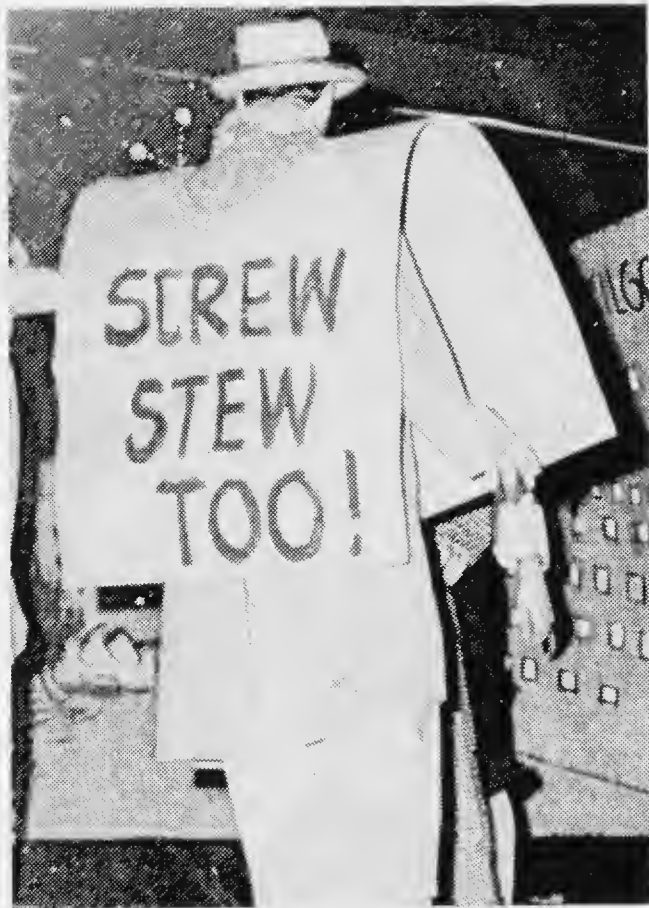
"Piraeus police authorities are looking for a 78-year-old man, Antonious Zaromas, for seducing a seven-year-old girl in Piraeus last week."

"Building (sic) worker Christos Tsintanos, 36, and his 50-year-old father-in-law, Athanassios Valsamis, were taken unconscious to an Athens hospital after quarrelling and hitting each other on the head with heavy pieces of timber, in Athens, Wednesday."


"Four undertakers clashed violently in Kalamata over a customer who wanted to buy a coffin. One of them, Dimitrios Stavropoulos, 35, was seriously injured in the fist fight. They were all arrested."

"For over two hours, policemen and firemen struggled to take down from a tree a mentally unbalanced woman, who had climbed the tree and threatened to commit suicide, in Athens, Thursday. The woman was taken to a mental hospital."

So, John Robertson and Ted Allan, take note. Albert Boothe and Dick Goodwin, look out!



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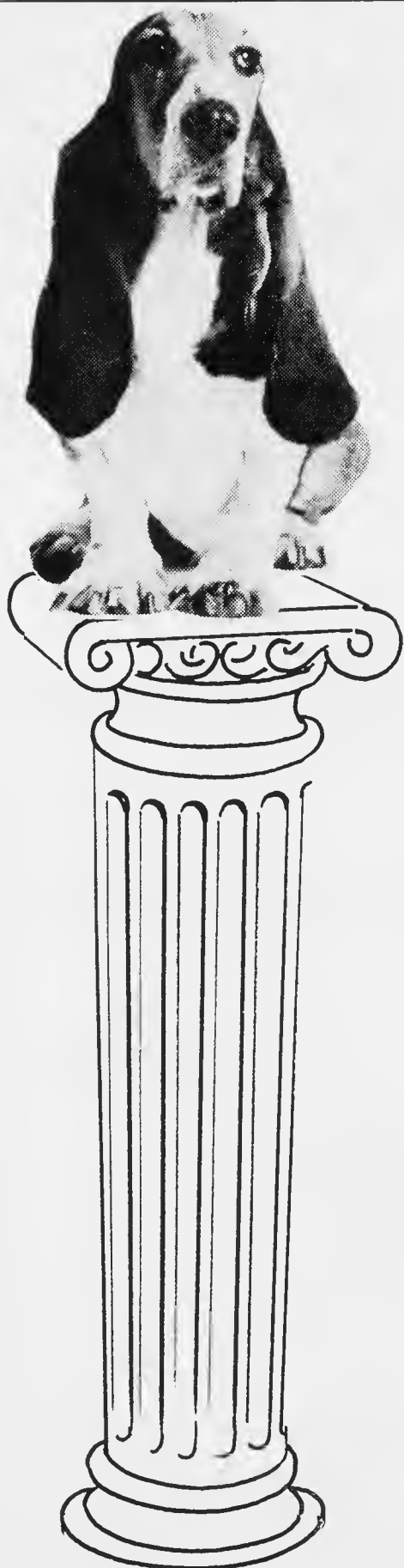
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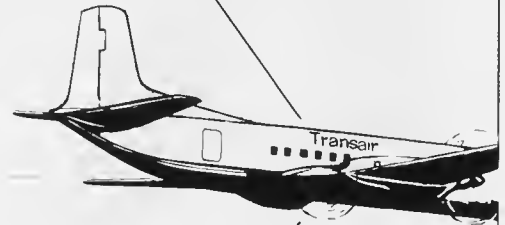
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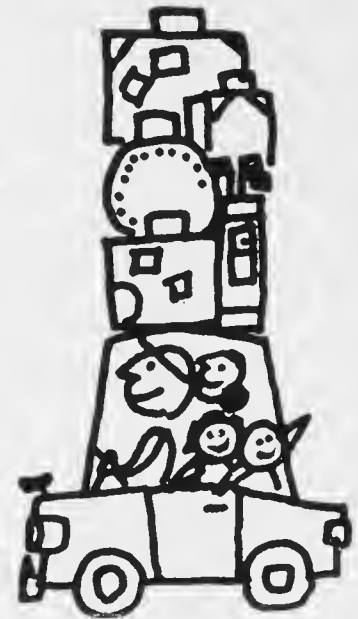
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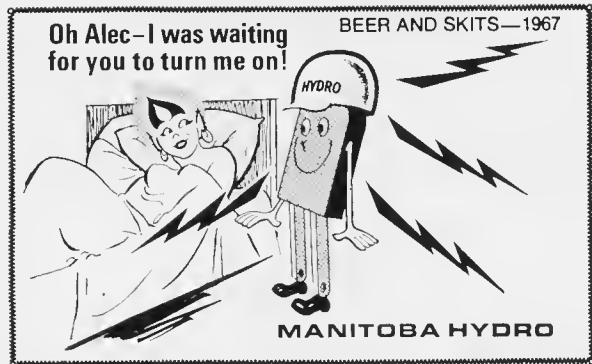
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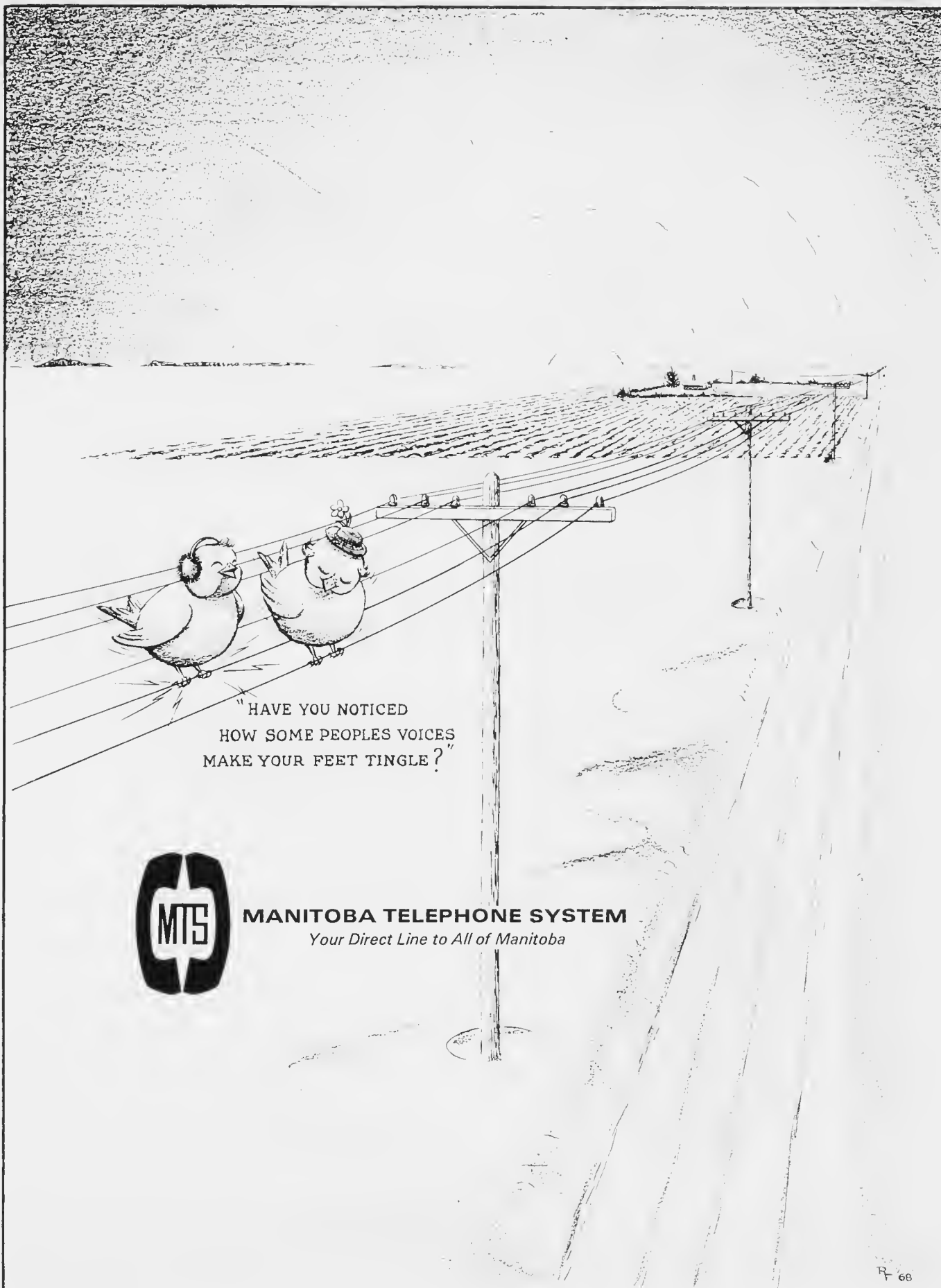
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# Skit Writers Scotch Pension Rumor

By JAN KAMIENSKI

The general chairman of the Beer and Skits committee looked glumly into his Scotch and soda.

"Gentlemen," he wheezed, "may I have your attention . . ."

The committee responsible for the staging of the ancient ritual was assembled in the Press Club to discuss arrangements for the upcoming show.

The occasion was a special one. Not only was it the year 2000 A.D. but the 70th anniversary of Beer and Skits as well. The Press Club's annual frolic had managed to outlive Spring Thaw, The View From Here and the Manitoba Music Festival. Its hardiness became as proverbial as George Waight's prowess.

The general chairman fixed his gaze on the producer-actor and head skit writer and said:

"Mr. Grogan I don't know how to say this. We've agreed on a special effort for this year's show. There has been talk of raising Nate Rothstein to sainthood right on our stage, with the Pope in attendance. We've been contemplating the re-enactment of the Flood and you've volunteered to play Noah.

"Yet, here we are, three weeks before the show and not one line has been written! How do you explain this, Mr. Grogan?"

The snow-topped skit writer coughed gently and took another sip of rum. His Bert Lahr face, criss-crossed by thousands of little wrinkles, folded itself into a beatific smile.

"Gentlemen," he whispered (for his voice wasn't what it used to be years before), "things are changing. We've changed too. Life has changed. It's a real change of life . . ."

"Get the point," said Harry Mardon, a venerable gent, still upright although completely hairless. Grogan paled.

"Mr. Chairman, I protest! Does a Gordonstoun tie entitle this . . . this fellow . . . to interrupt the speaker?"

Eric Wells, even in his nineties still very dapper and by now shrunk to a minuscule size, brought things into focus again.

"Change of life . . ." he said in Bill Grogan's direction.

"We're not getting any younger. Some of us, in fact, are over the hill. Now, when we were young bucks of forty or fifty or sixty . . . harty har, har . . . it was easy for us to sit down to a skit writing session three or four times a week. But time takes its toll, to coin a phrase. Years ago it took us but a few seconds to come . . . echhhhhh . . ."

" . . . a few seconds to come up with a good line. Now . . . ahhh . . . it takes a bit more titillation, yuk yuk yuk! And three sessions per week are a bit strenuous. Now it's just a bender once a week, on Saturdays . . ."

His voice trailed off and there was a tear in his eye. Racked by sobs he finished by saying:

"The skits writers want more booze. We can't create on those few miserable drops the Press Club allows us. Gentlemen, to put it bluntly: no booze, no show!"

Then there was silence in the Press Club. A gentle snore was heard from Pat Burrage's corner.

Eric Wells opened his mouth to speak but thought better of it. Just that day he'd forgotten to put his teeth in.

Al Barnes, the committee's jolly man and by now totally bald, merely giggled.

Finally, Harry Mardon got up with some difficulty and announced that he, for one, was utterly opposed to Bill Grogan's proposition. While in 1968, he said, the total amount spent on alcohol for skits writers came to a paltry \$500, this sum had risen in 1999 to an impressive \$65,000. And, he added, the writers' performance hadn't kept pace with the amount of alcohol they'd consumed.

He gave them credit for coming up with good ideas such as the staging of the Last Judgment with Bobby Trudel in the starring role. He also liked the re-enactment of the Israeli-Arab war of 1967 which, although half the guests were annihilated, was still a rip-snorting skit.

But, said the ancient PR man, the time had come to look for young and fresh talent. The time-worn old crocks were getting too old for the rigours of skit writing.

"Heah, heah!" echoed Ernie Mutimer, baring his gums in a toothless smile. He forgot that he was holding his pipe between them. It fell out and ashes spilled into his wine.

Grogan, the old hooper, was visibly moved. Having a stranglehold on Beer and Skits for many years had become a habit with him. He couldn't believe his ears. He sat there with his head bowed.

Wells merely smiled.

Pandemonium broke loose. Everybody was talking at the same time and even Nick Hills turned up his hearing aid and got into the act.

The general chairman finally tapped the table with his cane and asked: "Mr. Mardon suggests a new skit writing body. This is a tall order. The days are gone when we'd get any number of volunteers for such a task. Nobody's writing these days any more! There's nobody in the newspaper business who can write. And who would head such a new body?"

There was silence again. Then Eric Wells spat out the tip of a brand new cheroot and said:

"Mr. Goodwin . . . Mr. Chairman, that is, let me suggest Bill Grogan head this new, re-vitalized skit writing committee. I myself will stand at his side and help him to drain this cup . . ."

The general chairman nodded vigorously and proposed a toast to the new generation of skits writers.

"Baby" John Robertson, once the adornment of most newspapers in Canada and now a dignified 64-year old ("I always feel like 69" was his standing expression) croaked derisively:

"The Pepsi Cola generation, no doubt . . ."

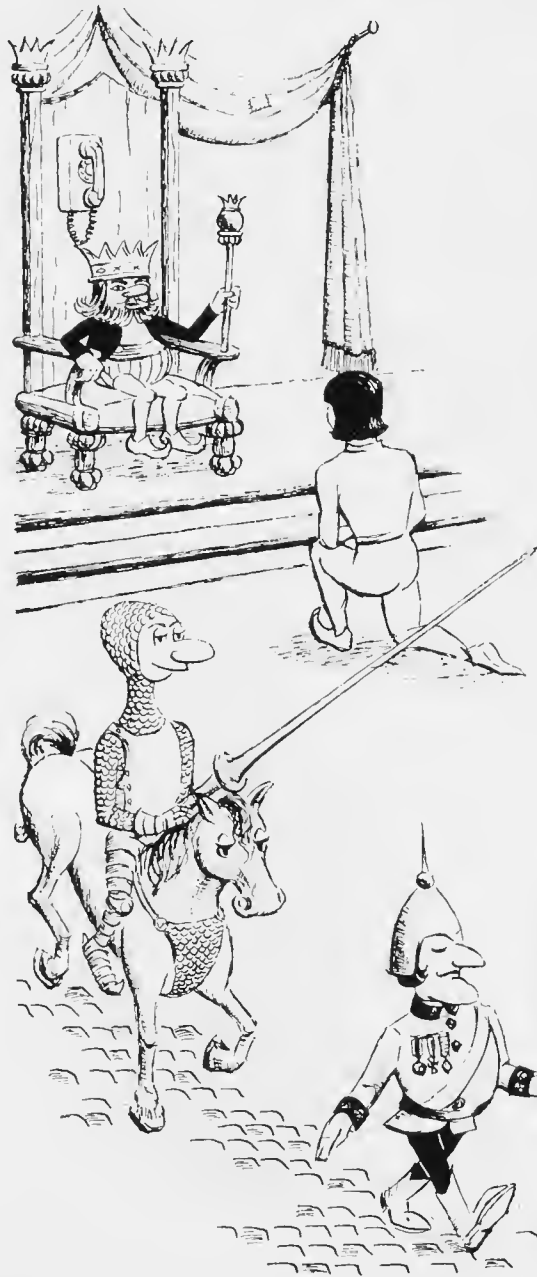
Nevertheless, the suggestion was approved unanimously. By then the entire committee was showing signs of weariness.

Bill Grogan leaned over to Eric Wells and whispered: "Thanks, Rico! You got us out of this one nicely . . ."

"That's all right. Just keep mum about the booze and order 25 cases for tomorrow's writing sessions. We gotta get cracking . . ."

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The frantic king summoned the captain of his royal guards and pledged: "Rescue my lovely princess and you shall have her hand." As the captain searched the forest, a big yellow hand with long yellow fingers reached out from behind a tree and abducted him. The guard was never seen again.

The king then called upon his bravest knight, a leader of many battles on the Crown's behalf, and once again offered his daughter's hand for her safe return. The knight mounted his finest steed and as he probed the dark woods, the yellow hand struck again. The soldier disappeared forever.

A handsome young page, hearing of the king's plight, approached him and offered to find the comely princess. "Ho," laughed the regal, "you dare to attempt this dangerous assignment when the finest men in my kingdom have failed." The page insisted, so the king, having nothing to lose, bade him God speed and off he went to explore the nearby forest.

The following day, the page returned with the princess in hand. "Wonderful," said the king jubilantly. "Any man as brave as thee most certainly deserves the most beautiful girl in the land." The young couple were married and lived happily ever after.

Moral of this story

If you are searching for something you need, consult your telephone directory and "Let your pages do the walking through the yellow fingers."



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'YOU DON' PLAY I KEEL YOU'

# Beer And Skit(tles) -- A War Game

By CHARLES LYNCH

Next to the Grey Cup, Beer and Skits is Canada's most noted folk festival.

They have this in common — both are best enjoyed while sitting, and drinking. At Beer and Skits, you drink suds; at the Grey Cup (at least, when played in Ottawa), napalm's best.

Few who view the Grey Cup have ever played football; even fewer who attend the rites of Beer and Skits have ever played skittles. (I know, I know — skits ain't skittles. But what the hell?)

Somehow, this ancient and noble game has failed to make its imprint in Canada, though the brew with which it is associated has found a warm place in Canadian hearts and bellies.

Few among us know that a Canadian team once made its way to the finals of the world skittles championship, played in Eindhoven, Holland on New Year's Eve, 1944. Even the members of that team recall the event but dimly, since they were heavily into the sauce at the time.

To play skittles, it is important that you be somewhat in the bag — which makes it all the stranger that the game hasn't caught on here, and has been out-distanced by lesser tests of skill and stamina, like curling, broomball and shuffleboard.

The Canadian team at the Eindhoven Fun-an' Games (Pan-am was still to come) consisted of assorted war correspondents, assigned to the press camp of the Second British Army.

We were wintering at Eindhoven, and regarded ourselves as the coldest bunch of correspondents since the quill-pen merchants who covered Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in 1812. Even the windmills seized up.

The camp was run by a mad Anglo-Russian named Sobolov, a corset salesman in civilian life, who was born in Omsk. (As he explained it, "Somebody got be born in Omsk! I born in Omsk!") He had aunts in Minsk, Pinsk, Omsk, Tomsk and Smolensk, and in moments of high emotion, he used to auction them off.)

It was Major Sobolov who discovered the skittles alley at the back of the hotel in which we were billeted. It was Sobolov who decreed that we should save ourselves from freezing by playing skittles. And it was Sobolov who organized the World Skittles Championship at the Eindhoven Fun-an' Games "You don' play, I keel you," was the way he got entries.

There was a Polish team, and a Dutch team, and a Belgian team, and a Scottish team. The Australian team was led by Chester Wilmot of the BBC, and was known as "Wilmot's Wobbling Wallabies". The Russian team was captained by Sobolov, and was called "Sorbo's Super S — — — s." (Some words will do for college papers, but not here.) And the Canadian team was christened the Lynch Mob, after its doughty captain.

The game is played on a long, narrow runway, filled with splinters. The pins are at one end and the players at the other, though sometimes this gets a bit confused. The ball, as I recall it, is about the size of a beachball, and made of lead.

Various teams eliminated one another, through lack of skill or over-indulgence, and in the wee small hours of New Year's Day, 1945, the survivors were Australia, Russia and Canada.

Wilmot drew a bye into the final, and it was Sobolov's Super S — — — s vs. the Lynch Mob in the semi. I told my men that we must win for Mackenzie King, but this was poorly received so it was decided that we should win for J. L. Ralston.

The Russian team fought well until Sobolov dropped the ball on his foot, giving vent to a series of Russian epithets that had nothing to do with his aunts in Minsk, Pinsk, Omsk, Tomsk or Smolensk. For cursing in a unknown tongue, Sobolov was disqualified.

That brought it down to Canada vs. Australia and, as is well known, little love is lost between those two peoples in wartime, even when they are fighting on the same side.

Wilmot, while a clean man at the microphone and a handy man at the typewriter, was an ape as a skittles player. He was all elbows and knees, and in the dim light of the lanterns that illuminated the scene he and his men resorted to knocking the skittles down with champagne corks, and things of that kind. On one end, they even trundled a hand grenade down the alley, neglecting only to pull the pin.

In vain, the clean-playing Canadians appealed for justice, and freedom, and equality, and all the things the war was supposed to be about. Bottles flew, and boots, and there would have been gunplay, except that (mercifully) correspondents were unarmed. We would have thrown the skittles ball at one another, but nobody could lift it.

The world's skittles trophy, consisting of a censor's necktie (we had throttled him with it the night before) went to Wilmot's Wobbling Wallabies, and players and spectators trundled off to bed by the light of the first sunrise of 1945.

The Luftwaffe, supposedly extinct at the time, used that same sunrise to find its way over the lines for what came to be known as Goering's Last Gasp — catching not only our little band of skittles players, but the combined allied air forces, in the throes of history's most horrible hangover.

Not only did they destroy 350 allied aircraft on the ground (some counts put it as high as 3,500) but they put some good holes in our skittles alley, and we never played again.

But for that one night, playing Beer and Skittles at the Fun-an' Games, we wuz giants, and Canada made it to the finals. What matter if nobody remembers, especially those who were there?





**and a**



**for the Winnipeg Press Club**

THE DUMBELLS REVISITED

# Oh, Oh, Oh, It's A Lovely War

By BOB NOBLE

Back in the 1920s and early 30s, perhaps in November and again in February or March, taxis would pull up to the front door of the original old section of the Marlborough hotel and a gay group of males would flood into the lobby, register, and in quick time make their way across to the Walker theatre. There they would set make-up kits and costumes in the dressing rooms (you can still see the windows of those dressing rooms on the Ellice Avenue side of the theatre — now the Odeon) and get down to business or readying the stage for a gala show.

Also during those years, on Saturday morning sometimes in the early spring, a group of males would gather singly, in pairs, in threes in various locations in Winnipeg to set up a show of their own — complete with make-up, costumes and what scenery they could muster. Over the past few years this latter group has been flooding into the New Marlborough on a Spring Saturday, many from different parts of Canada; others from our town.

The first group of well-known thespians, of course, were the old Dumbells. The second group were, and still are, cast members of Beer and Skits.

But let's deal with the Dumbells:

They had been back and forth across Canada several times, playing week stands and split weeks and even, on the odd occasion, one nighters. I saw their shows on their annual tours many times — in Montreal, Winnipeg, and once I saw them scramble into the old auditorium in the city of Brandon and set their stage by devious means with scenery that was too ample for some of Canada's largest theatres.

When their stage heights and widths were restricted, they juggled their scenery to make it fit. And they juggled their tempers, too, so that by curtain time they went on in the same spirit and rollicking professionalism that made them famous from coast to coast.

They were a soldier show troupe, born in the shell-raised rubble of France during the dismal 1914-1918 era to entertain Canadian troops. They were to entertain for many years after as the one and only Dumbells.

I caught them as late as 1938 in Toronto when they were invited to revive their revue for the Canadian Corps Reunion. There are fellows in our Beer and Skits audience tonight who attended that reunion and will long remember it. As a matter of fact, this place is in answer to the request of a couple of "old foot sloggers" who have attended many Beer and Skits shows and have found a parallel in the annual zany revues of the old Dumbells and the long line of Beer and Skits thespians over the years.

The Dumbells had to be rounded up from all over Canada for the one-nighter in the Coliseum at the Canadian National Exhibition grounds for the corps reunion at Toronto. It was called "Twenty Years After" — a nostalgic effort and their last show together for all time. But it followed closely the old routines with just one new skit for an opener.

Picture a blue plush curtain parting to reveal the Vimy Memorial reaching high into the darkness at centre stage. Picture four soldiers "twenty years after" — the theme of this performance. In the dullish light near the base of the monument the four figures representing The Spirit of The Infantry, Spirit of the Artillery, Spirit of the Air Force — and Emil Leblanc, the Spirit of War's Ravages; a shepherd, now on a quiet French hillside.

Some of you will remember the names of the boys in this skit — Bertram Langley, Alan Murray, Percy Campbell and Leonard Young. It was a quiet opening, an innovation for a Dumbells' show which usually opened with music and comedy and gay spectacle.

There was no laughter on this opener. It reminded people of war and this whole company of thespians and, indeed, every member of the audience watching them, had been in the thick of it and they remembered. It was a tribute to their comrades left behind in France.

The blue plush curtain closed silently in a fading light that finally blacked out.

Then lights and music and a fast curtain and Pat Rafferty, a fiery little bantam with a chip on his shoulder and an ill-fitting uniform pranced out to sing "Oh, Charlie". Now you can have your laughter.

The show mounts in pace now. Perhaps some of you will remember Jack McLaren's skit, Kit Inspection . . . Bert Langley singing There's A Goldmine In The Sky . . . Captain Mert Plunkett's orchestra is already cueing another artist on while Langley is bowing off . . . And there is Ross Hamilton, "Marjorie" to you old fans, singing Someday I'll Make You Love Me.

Then another headliner follows quickly — Red Newman carrying his cumbersome kit and hi-diddle-diddling with Oh, Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War quickly followed by We're Getting It By Degrees. Red threatens to stop the show with this one, but the music tempo changes and the stage has become quiet once more with several soldiers gathered around a small bar and tables in The Estaminet.

In the group are T. J. Lilly, Gordon Calder, Alan Murray, Bob Anderson, Pat Rafferty, Bert Langley, Bill Tennant, Jimmy Devon, Leonard Young, Percy Campbell and Charles Hall. "Old sweats", they call 'em, in this bit of drama laced with comedy.

Jimmy Goode follows in a swift soft-shoe dance routine. A skit called The Dugout moves by in swift kaleidoscope. Marjories leads the famous "beauty chorus" in a number. Bob Anderson does a specialty. Then, elegant in white tie and tails, Al Plunkett takes centre stage to sing If You Were The Only Girl In The World. He ties the show in knots and stage management is disrupted while he takes an encore doing It's the Wild, Wild Women.

And finally. Leonard Young's The Duchess Entertains is on full stage with Ross Hamilton as Lady Gwendoline, Jack McLaren as Scotty, and Red Newman as the Cockney — a laugh riot for a closer.


(Continued on page 57)

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*Continued From Page 55*

## Oh, Oh, Oh, It's A Lovely War

Not all the old Dumbells who toured Canada were in the Canadian Corps Reunion show, but for those who like to glance back there was mention from the stage that night of many of the originals — Stan Bennett, Jock Holland, Glen Allan, Pat Harrington, Morley Plunkett, Tommy Young, Fred Fenwick, Bobby Scott and Frank Brayford. And there are many other service men who were in France in 1917, when the 3rd Division Concert Party was formed, who can lay claim to appearing at one time or another with the troupe as actors, electricians, stagehands and trouble-shooters.

The name of the show came from the red Dumbell insignia of the Canadian Overseas Third Division. Their first post-war show was called Biff, Bing, Bang which opened in 1919. They had vowed London audiences and, hitting New York for a week's engagement the Ambassador theatre, they were held over there for three solid months.

They played their shows in the Majestic in Halifax, His Majesty's and the Princess in Montreal, the old Regina theatre in Regina, the Empire in Saskatoon, and in Pincher Creek, Alberta, where a house next door to the opera house was used for dressing rooms.

The Beer and Skits casts over the years also have worked under strange circumstances, too — at the old

Picardy hall on Broadway near Osborne where changes in costume were made on the tiny platform serving as a stage while the audience howled; at El Rancho Don Carlos where the din drowned out the actors and costume changes were made in the kitchen while dodging cooks and hot grease; at the Fort Garry hotel where two small dressing rooms served as many as 35 players and there was no freeway from one side of the stage to the other behind the set.

But now, the gallant stage crew that designs and sets up the portable, ample stage here at the Marlborough; the electricians and sound men and prop men, all gather to bring the thing into being within a few hours. The dressing room here is the largest ever available for Beer and Skits. There's been a long line of Beer and Skits actors play those long-forgotten platforms, and several of the cast on stage here tonight were members of those casts. George Waight has played 'em all.

But if you think about it, there may be a parallel between the old Dumbells and Beer and Skits. Both troupes have provided a lot of fond memories to many — so to the previous and present cast members of Beer and Skits, and to that long-gone glittering brigade of troupers in the soldier show, and to all the old foot sloggers everywhere, I tips me cap.



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# Go-Go-Girls: Snap, Crackle, Pop

By GENE TELPNER

Winnipeg has two things the rest of the world is doing without — Sade Hawkins Day and Go-Go girls. For some reason we have a habit of carrying things to an extreme in this city. Our winters are two months longer than anywhere in the world, Sade Hawkins Day is celebrated for three weeks, and our Go-Go girls just can't say no.

If a customer shouts "more" he gets more, — or less — depending on the size and shape of the particular Go-Go dancer. For some reason or other, I just can't get excited about the Go-Go situation. I've seen more bare skin on the beaches at Nice, Monte Carlo, Cape Town, and Gimli and all of it much better displayed.

As one who has been to just about every club along the strip in Las Vegas I can qualify as a minor authority on the state of undress in females. There I saw girls bare from the waist up in just about every conceivable type of show.

I saw females performing bare-breasted in an ice revue, and outside of a little blueness from the chill of the frozen fluid the show seemed to be full of grace. I mentioned to the headwaiter if there were any specific problems about girls ice skating practically nude.

"Not at all," he said with aplomb. "In fact when they fall they don't slide so far."

In Toronto I saw a topless band perform, and you've never seen grace in motion until you've watched a topless female musician play the accordion or cymbals. It didn't affect the quality of their music one little bit, in fact I'm not even sure they could read music.

But getting back to Las Vegas, after awhile the sight of nude flesh becomes almost boring, at least you take it for granted. The chorus lines at the Stardust, Desert Inn, Thunderbird, or Flamingo take on the sameness of so many rows of cupcakes coming out of a Winnipeg bakery window.

At least with the Go-Go girls Winnipeggers are getting something to talk about. You can hear the whispers everywhere, people are forgetting about taxes and the cost of living with the erotic thrill of discussing whether or not a specific Go-Go girl was receiving her tips in her snug-fitting bikini bottom placed their by willing male hands.

Or whether there really is a company in Winnipeg that makes a living supplying bra tops to Go-Go girls that snap at the twitch of a belly-button or on a vibration signal rung by the bartender when every seat in the place is occupied.

They are bringing business to places that have been dead for years. Sarah Vaughan "died" at the box office here, so did Billy Daniels and many other recognized stars of night clubs. To my knowledge there hasn't been a single Go-Go dancer, no matter how untalented or ugly, who has ever been a failure in Winnipeg. How could you call a Go-Go girl a failure when some of them are earning \$1,000 a month?

Some uncultured sources are lamenting the fact that the girls are local instead of imports. Thank goodness, isn't it about time that our local talent was recognized?

My Go-Go watching has unfortunately been limited, but I would say the highlight was seeing a 300-pound blob of bouncing fat named Thumbelina in action. This girl somehow squeezed herself into a minute costume, synchronizing her lips to some lyrics and jumping up and down until her quivering flesh vibrated, she sang a memorable song by Belle Barth called Bounce Your Boobies. Not only did it bring down the house, it just about shattered the stage.

The best Go-Go girls I ever saw were three in brightly lit psychedelic cages at The Towers, but naturally Thumbelina sticks in my mind like peanut butter on the roof of your mouth.

Since the day the first Go-Go girl made a name for herself in this city, Joy Sinclair, they've come a long way. I've seen sophisticated Go-Gos, bored Go-Go dancers, thin ones, tall ones, ugly ones, and even girls who couldn't match bumps with their grinds.

What is it about a chunk of flesh in a brief costume that makes men's minds melt? And why is it that I never get to the right club to see the wrong thing performed?

I've never seen a bra break in a local club, I was absent the day a chilled silver dollar was slipped into a pair of filled panties, and I was away the night one well endowed Go-Go dancer reportedly tried to kiss herself in various parts of the body.

Call it luck, but every time I see a Go-Go girl everything seems to stay in place.

As this was written for the Beer and Skits book, there were dark clouds hanging over the horizon. Chief George Blow said that Go-Go girls were going too far and he was keeping an eye on the situation.

My advice is to see as many Go-Go girls as you can because shortly they will be relegated to the status of the Whooping Crane and the dinosaur. Either they will have disappeared completely or become so scarce that those who sight one will receive an award from the Fish and Game Club.

But if anyone knows of a Go-Go girl whose bra is going to snap or anything else go wrong, for goodness sake call me well in advance. Otherwise for the rest of my life I'll be stuck with the lousy memory of Thumbelina singing Bounce Your Boobies. It's a tune that's hard to get out of your mind!

---

The huge crowd, sitting on soft drinks and doughnuts, relaxed to gospel songs—Savannah Morning News.

---

Hagan ran his finger through his hair and took out a cigar—Indianapolis Star.

---

She was expecting her third child in four months—Minneapolis Tribune.

---

Most of the contents of the home were antiques, including a solid Mrs. Blank's daughter—Altoona Mirror.

---

Workers preparing for an auction of other foods had been left in an unused refrigerator—Milwaukee Journal.



At last year's Beer and Skits, maestra Jimmy King received the Zimmerman award. It honors the late Nathan Zimmerman, founder of the "Schaal of Ham Acting" and long-time director of Skits. Left to right are General George Waight, Narm Zimmerman, brother of Nate, and Jimmy.



The man behind the men behind the Press Club.

## BLUNDER OF THE YEAR AWARD

# "I Thank The Head Writers?"

By TED BURGOYNE

Since we Beer and Skitsers last gathered, we've come through a sometimes hilarious centennial year, which provided a lot of fun for all including those folks who burned their two-holers on the main drag.

Even de Gaulle got into the act, providing what must go down as the Boob of The Year . . . but head writers and reporters pulled some beautiful blunders.

Top honors must go to the women's department head writer in Ottawa who tried to get this through:

**The Day the Queen Came**

**WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE ORGAN FAILED**

Fortunately for Ottawa, the head overline never did make the paper.

But, never fear . . . there were some beauties that got into print right here.

Test your memory on these:

**MARY POPPINS WILL PERFORM ON SKATES** . . . how about that for a show stopper?

Would you believe this is the Free Press? . . . **RICH TUXEDO SEEKS ACT OF "RELIEF"** . . . what a predicament!

Then there was that legislative copy describing the Roblin government as turning down an opposition attempt to have employees' tools exempt from the five per cent sales tax!

At around the same time, General Ky was worrying about the sanitized belt in Vietnam.

Back to headlines, but first, the Trib pulled a beauty which ran through all editions on the page 1 masthead in April . . . on the 19th, to be exact . . . only trouble was all editions said . . . 1697! Lovely!

Just a few days later the Free Press opened Expo with a bang . . . a business firm also opened with a bang, then they opened the Red River Ex with a bang . . . and Albert Boothe was forced to post a notice on the board forbidding everyone to have a bang for six weeks! Really, Albert!

Back to the girls . . . **POLITICIAN SAYS WOMEN LEAN RIGHT** . . . or how about **WEAPONS SEIZED?**

There was also a **U.S. CONSUL PREDICTS HEALTHY RELATIONSHIPS**, and even **WORTH TAKING HOME? TRY A LITTLE PINCH.**

Noble Bob Noble took a vacation and the character who looked after his chores saw fit to herald a CBS-TV show story with this beauty: **CBS LIVENS LUNCHEON WITH MIDEAST WAR ! !**

How about that feature on the so-called society pages which had that heartrending bit: **FIREMEN'S FAMILIES WAIT FOR MEN WHO WON'T COME.**

Or, **FOLKSONG FESTIVAL BARES YOUNG TALENT.** I'll bet!

The sports pages had fun too: **GERRY LIKES THE LONG HOLES** . . . and **HARRY'S VICTORY INCHES!**

A Chris Dafoe piece on the editorial page was headed: **TERROR IN COCK LANE.** A safety council tip included: "Stop Harry, it's flashing on and off. But it's green!" . . . My gawd, what a fate!

The mid-week business report on Thursday, July 20 of last year, wasn't printed by the Tribune . . . but it was printed by **THE THIBUNE!**

There was a desperate plea from Jean Brown's department about the same time of year, with a six-column head that said: **THERE MUST BE A WAY TO TEACH MEN.**

Then there was that bit about: **AMPUTATIONS CHIEF SAYS WIVES SUFFER** . . . or how about, **IS BED REST REALLY REST?** . . . and a now-departed editor's warning to: **CLEAN YOUR WEAPON AFTER FIRING.**

How about **DO-IT-YOURSELF WIVES?** . . . or, **SECRETARIES FINALLY ADMIT MALE MEMBER** . . . well at least it's progress!

Then there was that sound advice: **WITHDRAWAL IS THE ONLY ANSWER** . . . some sports wag at the Free Press came up with **ELAINE WILL SHOW CORRECT STROKES** . . . hope he enjoyed the show!

The Evening Star of Washington, D.C. last October told us that "For an encore, Louis said he wanted to play one for the boys in Vietnam."

Again the society columns said: **THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I REALLY WANT FROM MEN** . . . Dale Cavanagh's sewing column gave advice how to make **A PRONG HOLDER.**

Canadian Press came through too, with an item claiming "the Globe and Mail adds that a recent tour through the U.S., with Weinberg using an assumed name, because of warrants outstanding in that country, covered more than 7,000 miles with the informant being **scored** in a car provided by the **OPP.**"

And, on Nov. 23, The Manitoban informed us of a **GENERAL ERECTION.**

The Tribune did it again with: **QUEEN TO SEE ROMEO, JULIET IN THE NUDE** . . . in the Globe and Mail recently: **FLYING STUDS INJURE GIRL.**

The Tribune really began to dig it the other day with: **GRAVE HUNT GOES UNDERGROUND** . . . the girls came through again: **STANFIELDS GIVE SUPPORT!** Thank God!

Maurice Smith told us the other day: **SEX TESTS A MUST FOR ALL FAMILIES** . . . and another head said: **SCIENCE MAY MAKE NEW ORGANS SOON!** Well!

To sign off, we learned that a **VIOLIN MAKER SCORES**, and a woman said: "I WOULD NEVER HAVE A BABY ANY OTHER WAY."



## DRINKING THEORY SHOT DOWN

John Gary, an expert on alcoholism, reports that people whose names begin with the letter "M" are eight times as prone to drink too much as other people. Gary call his finding the "M hypothesis" and he discovered it in a survey of the files of the council for alcoholism he heads.

This is rather startling until one reflects that Gary's organization is based in Glasgow, Scotland — where most people's names begin with "Mc" or "Mac." And that makes the theory about as reliable as one that holds that black horses eat more than white horses — the reason being, of course, that there are more black than white horses.



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## AT 30

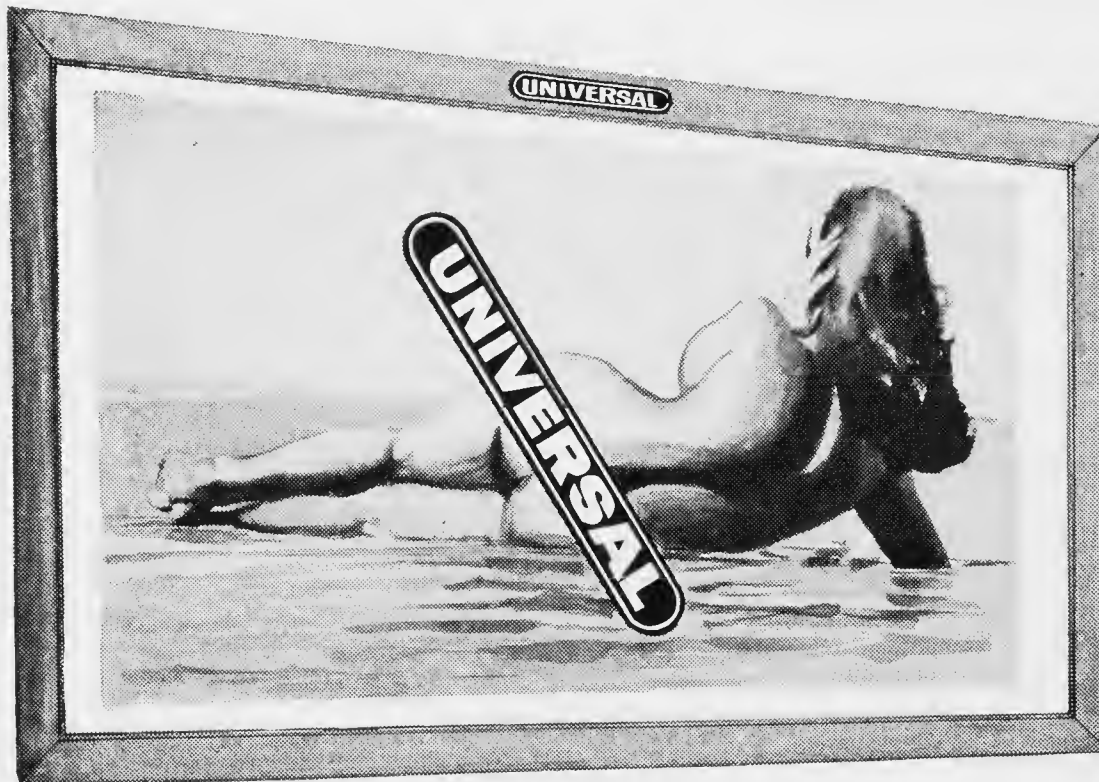
Alex (Sandy) Weir, 75, Feb. 4, 1968; came from Scotland in 1913; income tax expert and excellent golfer, for 25 years wrote Tee Topics for Winnipeg Free Press.

Howard Wolfe, 81, Sept. 24, 1967; reporter for Winnipeg Telegram; night editor and city editor for Winnipeg Free Press; publisher's representative for various publications; past president of Winnipeg Press Club.

Clem Shields, 66, Aug. 12, 1967; came from Scotland in 1920; sports writer and columnist for Winnipeg Free Press; legislature reporter and sub-editor for Toronto Telegram.

Albert (Abbie) Coe, 82, Nov. 29, 1967; former managing editor of Winnipeg Free Press; reporter at Fort William and for Winnipeg Telegram; for many years president of Manitoba Amateur Hockey Association; past president of Winnipeg Press Club.

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A special Christmas program was resented—Milton Standard.

FIRECRACKER IN CAN HURTS GIRL AT DANCE  
—Charleston W. Va. Tribune.

Known to his associates as Pops, Paul Whiteman directed such stars as Bing Dorsey—Washington (D.C.) Star.

TAKE EVASIVE ACTION OR FACE BABY BOOM  
—Detroit Free Press.

Is the movie trend toward the bottom?—Portland, Maine, Telegram.

"After Mr. Currie had six bottles of beer, he came," she said—Winnipeg Free Press.

Theme of the program is Friendship—Baltimore News-American.

Mayor Richard G. Lugar spent his first official day on the job checking rumps—Frankfort, Indiana Times.

Mayor Walter E. Washington arrived at the Clifton Terrace shaking hands and left his head—Washington (D.C.) Daily News.

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